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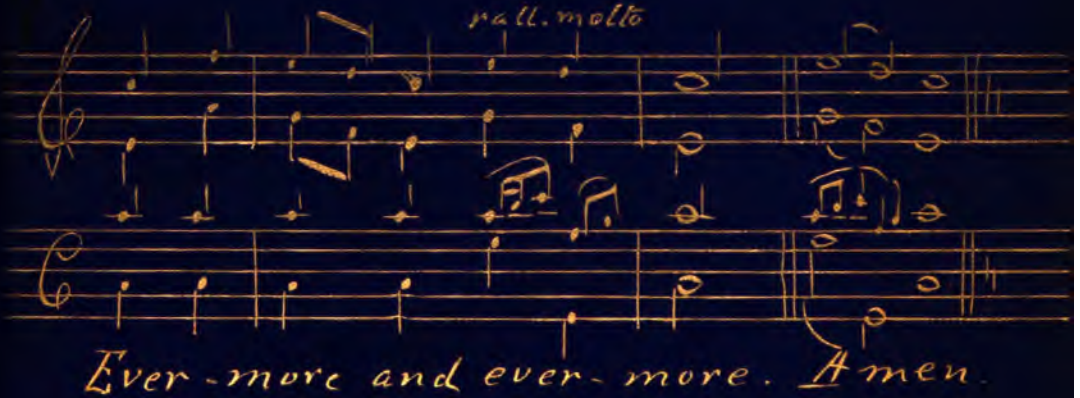
F. R. H.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

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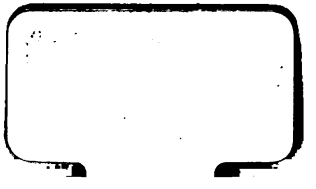

LIFE CHORDS.

Morrison & Gibb, Edinburgh,
Printers to Her Majesty's Stationery Office

VINCENT BROOKS, DAY & SON, LITH.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

in her ninth year.

FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY SOLOMON COLE.

LIFE CHORDS

COMPRISING

'ZENITH,' 'LOYAL RESPONSES,'

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

'And Life becomes the prelude of the Everlasting Song.'

With Twelve Illustrations by

THE BARONESS HELGA VON CRAMM.

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In Loving Memory

OF

FAIR

Born Dec. 11 1856
Died June 5, 1879.

"There hath not failed one Word
of all His Good Promise."

1. Kings VIII 56

"MY OWN TEXT."

"If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of
Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all Sin

Prelude.

TAKE it, O Father! This new book be Thine,
Filled only with Thy teachings, only filled
For Thee, and for the pilgrims to Thy home.
I know not what bright impulses of song
May come upon my waiting soul, nor when;
Or whether years of silence yet may fall
In still parenthesis as once before;
Or whether tighter tension must be laid
By Thy unerring Hand, that so the tone
May be more true to that immortal key
Which reaches loneliest depth of human heart
With echoes from Thine own. I would not shrink
From suffering, if I may but sing for Thee.
Father, Thou knowest how this gift hath seemed
Thine own direct sweet answer to the prayer
For peace and patience in the silent grief
Thy Hand, Thine own, has portioned out for me.
And I have felt Thy call, not loud, but clear,
To praise Thee with my song, as, it may be,
I had not done had all my heart's desire
Been granted me.

* * * * * *

Thou knowest how (so often) I have laid
An aching heart upon Thy heart of love,
And wept out all my sorrow, till at last
Thou gavest Thy belovèd sleep. And then

Came singing in the morning some glad thought
That wafted over land and sea, has put
New songs in silent mouths, and come again
With harvest of rejoicing back to me.
Let not Thy blessing fail! I long for this,
I ask it for the sake of Him whose Name
Is my sure plea. O send it, gracious Lord!
As Thou hast spared me to begin to-day
The seventh small volume of these leaves of life,
So let a sevenfold blessing rest upon
All that shall fill these pages. Give me thoughts,
But quicken them with power; give me words,
But wing them with Thy love; give music too,
But let it ring all beautiful and sweet
With holiness; yea, give to me, if such
Thy holy will, far better and far more
Than heretofore, but only add this gift,
Without which all were worthless and in vain,
Thy Blessing. So the glory and the praise
Shall all be Thine for evermore. Amen.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Prelude to F. R. H.'s Seventh MS. Book, 1872.

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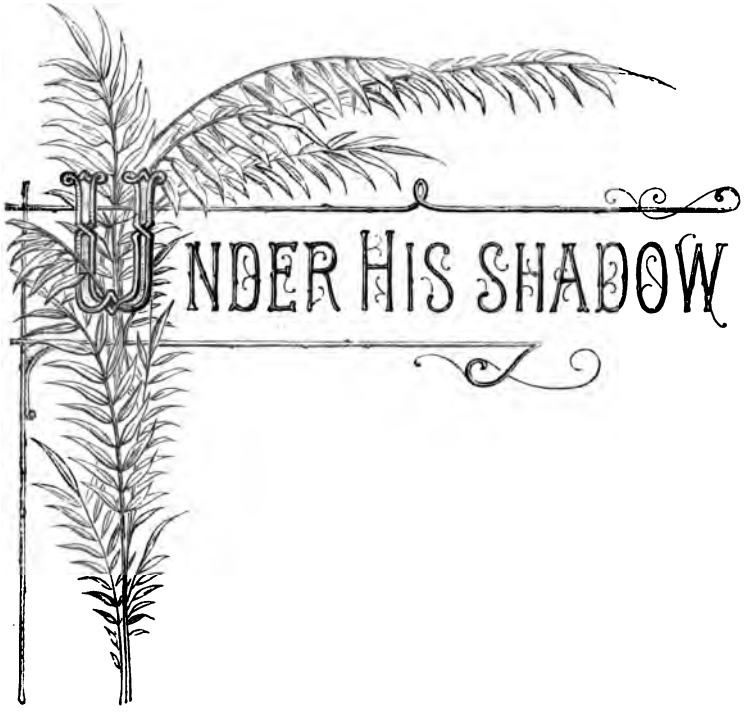
The musical notation and writing of "Evermore, Evermore, Amen," which appear on the outside cover, are copied in *fac-simile* from the original MS. of F. R. H.

M. V. G. H., *Editor.*


UNDER HIS SHADOW

Zenith.

I.

WE watched the gradual rising of a star,
Whose delicate, clear ray outshone the crowd;
Gleaming between the rifts of parting cloud,
Brighter above each dusky-veiling bar.
The fairy child, the glimpse of girlish face,
Rising to woman's dower of fairest, fullest grace.

And still she rose, and still she calmly shone,
Walking in brightness ever-brightening still;
Gladdening, attracting at her queenly will,
With starlike influence. The years wore on,
And Isabel, the star, the pearl, the flower,
Could not but know her gift, the secret of her power.

"Never so lovely as to-night," they said,
Again and yet again! There came a night
When many owned afresh the royal might
Of beauty, as she came with snowfall tread,
And summer smile, and simple maiden dress,
Crowned only with the light and her own loveliness.

For there are sudden dangers none foreknow;
The scarlet-threaded rope can never mock
The sound-loosed avalanche, frost-cloven rock,
Or whirling storm of paralyzing snow.
But Arthur's foot was kept; no deathward slips
Darkened the zenith of his strength with dire eclipse.

So year by year, as his rich manhood filled,
He revelled in health-giving mountain feats;
Spurning the trodden tracks and curious streets,
As fit for old men, and for boys unskilled
In Alpine arts, not strong nor bold enough
To battle with the blast and scale the granite bluff.

One glowing August sun went forth in might,
And smote with rosy sword each snowy brow,
Bright accolade of grandeur! Now, oh now,
Amid that dazzling wealth of purest light,
His long ambition should be crowned at last,
And every former goal rejoicingly o'erpast.

For ere the white fields softened in the glow,
He stood upon a long-wooed virgin-peak,
One of the few fair prizes left to seek;
Each rival pinnacle left far below!
He stood in triumph on the conquered height:
And yet a shadow fell upon his first delight.

For well he knew that he had surely done
His utmost, and that never summer day
Could bring a moment on its radiant way
Like the first freshness of that conquest, won
Where all had lost before. A sudden tear
Veiled all the glorious view, so grand, so calm, so clear!

THE MONTE ROSA CHAIN.

'For ere the white fields softened in the glow.

III.

An hour of song! of musical delight
To those whose quick, instructed ear could trace,
Through complex harmonies, the artistic grace,
The finest shades of meaning, and the might
Of order and of law. Nor less to those
Who loved it as we love the fragrance of the rose.

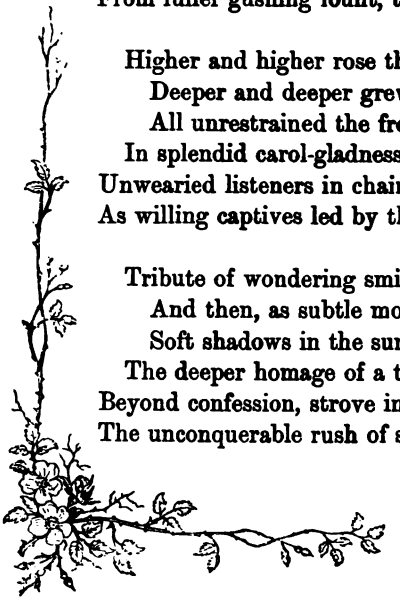
And Cecil stood, with all the added ease
Of ripe experience and of sure success;
With all her glad instinctive consciousness
Of natural gift that could not fail to please;
With all her rich maturity of tone,
Like sun-glow of the South on purple clusters thrown.

She sang rejoicing in her song,—each bar
A separate pulse of pleasure. Were there none
To listen and applaud, or only one,
As freely she had poured it. For a star
Shines, not because we watch it! Only blaze
Of artificial light reserves its measured rays.

Yet who, that ever tasted, does not know
The witchery of any phase of power,
Ascendency unsought, magnetic dower
Of influence? And Cecil found it so,
And though but vaguely conscious of her might,
Lived in her own strong spell, a glamour of delight.

Nor only joy of power and joy of song
To fill the singer's chalice were combined;
But sympathetic influences of mind
Acting, re-acting, as the charmèd throng
Followed the wave of her swift magic wand,
Yet lured her ever on to fair heights still beyond.

And so the song passed to its dying fall,
As the electric interchanges crossed.
What marvel that the closing chord was lost
In rush of quick applause and fond recall!
And Cecil rose once more, and poured again,
From fuller gushing fount, the doubly welcomed strain.



Higher and higher rose the glorious song,
Deeper and deeper grew the silence round;
All unrestrained the free, full notes resound,
In splendid carol-gladness, holding long
Unwearied listeners in chains unseen,
As willing captives led by their victorious queen.

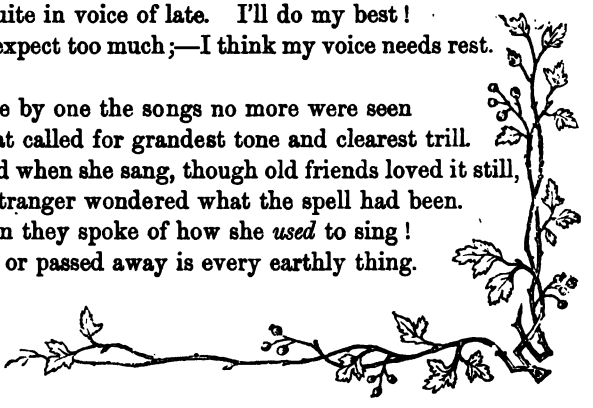
Tribute of wondering smile was freely paid,
And then, as subtle modulation wrought
Soft shadows in the sunny strain, some brought
The deeper homage of a tear, and, swayed
Beyond confession, strove in vain to hide
The unconquerable rush of sweet emotion's tide.

Then once again the clear tones rose and swelled,
While flashed the singer's eye with inward fire,
And still the spirit of the song soared higher
Until the closing cadence, as she held
All hearts entranced, till like a sunset ray,
The last, long, sweet note thrilled, and softly died away.

And all was over! Ah, she had not guessed
That she had touched the zenith of her song,
That gradual declining, slow and long
Must mark the path now trending to the west!
No boundary line is seen, and yet we cross
In one veiled hour, from gain, to sure though lingering loss.

She often sang again. But oftener fell
Apologies of unaffected truth.
There was more effort, yet less power, in sooth;
The ringing tone less like a golden bell.
"Not quite in voice of late. I'll do my best!
Do not expect too much;—I think my voice needs rest.

So one by one the songs no more were seen
That called for grandest tone and clearest trill.
And when she sang, though old friends loved it still,
The stranger wondered what the spell had been.
And then they spoke of how she *used* to sing!
Passing, or passed away is every earthly thing.



IV.

A silent house beneath a dome of stars,
A deeply-shaded lamp, a lonely room;
A fire whose fitful whispers through the gloom
In rhythmic cadence leapt athwart the bars:
A broad, worn desk; a broad, worn, bending brow;
Yet a bright eye beneath, full of strange brightness now.

A rapid hand, that wrote swift words of flame,
Far-glowing words to kindle other fires;
Words that might flash along Time's mystic wires,
And thrill the ages with a deathless name;
Barbed words, that fasten where they fall, and stay
Deep in the souls of men, and never pass away.

Little recked Theodore of fame that night
And less of gold. The current was too strong
For such vain barques to launch. It swept along
Whither he hardly knew; the impulse bright
Passing at every turn some opening view,
Some echoing mountain height, some vista far and new.

Lost memories trooped in amid the crowd
Of happiest images; ethereal forms
Of weirdly prescient fancy, spectral swarms,
Before him in oppressive beauty bowed,
And beckoned him, with gleaming hands, to grasp
Their fleeting loveliness in firm and joyous clasp.

And inward music rose, and wreathed around
Each thought that shaped itself to outline clear;
The royal chimes rang on, more sweet, more near,
With every gust. He caught the silver sound,
And cast its fairy mantle o'er the flow
Of his melodious lines, in all their fiery glow.

Such times are but the crystallizing hours
That make the rainbow-bearing prism. They change
Long-seething soul-solutions into strange
And startling form;—new properties and powers,
And beauties hardly dreamt, yet latent there,
The poet-touch evokes, strong, marvellous, and fair.

For there are long, slow overtures before
Such bursts of song;—much tension unconfessed,
Much training and much tuning,—years compressed,
Concentrated in ever-filling store;
Till thoughts, that surged in secret deep below,
Rise from volcanic fount in sudden overflow.

Much living to short writing! such the law
Of living poems, that have force to reach
Depths that are sounded by no surface-speech,
And thence the sympathetic waters draw
With golden chain of many a fire-forged link,
Gently, yet mightily, up to the pearly brink.

Was it the stillness of the lonely night
That set his spirit free, with wizard hand,
Opening the gates of more than fairyland?
Oft had he known the pulse of poet-might,
But never quite the free, exultant power
In which he revelled now through that enchanted hour.

Was it not rather that the harvest-time,
After the sowing and the watering long,
Was fully come; the golden sheaves of song
Falling in fulness, and that royal chime
Pealing the harvest-home of wealth unseen,
Where the remaining years might only come and glean?

At length the last page lay beneath the light,
From wavering erasure free, and wrought
Too perfectly for any after-thought.
He rose, threw up the sash, and on the night,—
The brilliant, solemn night,—looked forth and sighed,
And felt the immediate ebb of that unwonted tide.

For it was over! and the work was done
For which his life was lived! unconscious yet!
The blossom fell because the fruit was set;
The standard furled because the field was won.
And with the energy, the gladness passed,
And left him wearied out and sorrowful at last.

For only work that is for God alone
Hath an unceasing guerdon of delight,
A guerdon unaffected by the sight
Of great success, nor by its loss o'erthrown.
All else is vanity beneath the sun,
There may be joy in *doing*, but it palls when *done*.

V.

Once more. A battle-field of mental might,
A broad arena for the utmost skill
Of world-famed gladiators, echoing still
With praise or cruel blame, beyond the sight
Of each day's keen spectators, to the verge
Of widest continents and ocean's farthest surge.

A great arena, whence the issues flow
Not only through an empire but a world,
Moulding the centuries; wherein are hurled
Thunders whose ultimate havoc none can know,
Striking not names but nations:—such the scene
Of conflict and renown, long entered by Eugene.

Many a time his weighty sword he threw
Into the scale of victory, and swayed
The critical turns, the great events that made
The era's history. For well he knew
Each subtle art of eloquence, combined
With rarest gifts of speech, and native powers of mind.

His patriotism earned a noble meed
Of trust and honour, more than any fame,
And sweeter. Yet some thought his hard-won claim
Not meetly recognised. Perchance indeed
The shadow crossed his own thought, as he found
Less kingly orators with heavier laurels crowned.

At length a contest of long doubtful end
Drew to a climax, and his soul was stirred,
And every generous faculty was spurred
To utmost energy. For he could spend
His very self upon the cause that seemed
Clear justice and clear right; or rather, so he deemed!

For there are few who care to analyze
The mingled motives, in their complex force,
Of some apparently quite simple course.
One disentangled skein might well surprise.
Perhaps a "single heart" is *never* known
Save in the yielded life that lives for God alone,—

And that is *therefore* doubted, as a dream,
By those who know not the tremendous power
Of all-constraining love! So in that hour
Of fierce excitement, 'mid the flashing gleam
Of measured glaive, I will not dare to say
That Eugene's purest zeal no party claim might sway.

Still, all combined to bid the eagle soar
Beyond the common clouds, the shifting mists
Of every-day debate, the very lists
Of strong opponents strengthening him the more.
As the strong pinion finds the opposing breeze
The very means of rising over land and seas.[1]

So Eugene rose in his full manly strength,
Reining at first the fiery courser in,
That with calm concentration he might win
The captious ear;—reserve of power at length,
At the right moment from the wise curb freed,
Triumphantly burst forth with grand impetuous speed.

[1] See Duke of Argyll's "Reign of Law."

And as the great speech mounted to a pause
Some foes were silenced, some were wholly gained,
And all were spellbound, stilled, and marvel-chained,
And, more than all the clatter of applause,
The cause was won! "Eugene was at his best
To-night!" So much they knew! They did not know the rest!

For they who watched with envy or delight
The moment of his zenith little knew
It was the moment of his setting too;
For fell paralysis drew near that night.
Never again Eugene might proudly stand
And sway the men who swayed the sceptre of his land.

VI.

A simple Christmas Day at home! And yet
It was the very zenith of two stars
That rose together through the cloudy bars,
In bright perpetual conjunction met.
A day whose memory should never cease,—
A Coronation Day of Love and Joy and Peace.

The culmination of two lives that passed
Through many a chance and change of chequered years,
Each shining for the other, hopes and fears
Centred within their home! And now at last
They gazed upon a clear, calm sky around
And rested in their love, that day serenely crowned.

Bernard and Constance had no wish beyond
Each other's gladness, and the fuller good
Of those belovèd ones who blithely stood
Around the Christmas fire,—the fair and fond,
The strong and merry; sons and daughters grown
In closest unity,—rich treasures all their own.

Bright arrows of full quiver! still unshot
By ruthless bow of Time and scattered wide,
Still in the sweet home-bundle tightly tied,
Though feathered for the flight from that safe spot.
Flight when? and whither? Ah me! who might say
What should befall before another Christmas Day!

Closer they clustered in the twilight fall,
And talked of pleasant memories of the year,
And then of pleasant prospects far and near;
Each name responding at each gleeful call.
The merry mention of a dear name there
Had never yet been hushed by any empty chair.

But, most of all, the gladness and the pride
Circled around the eldest brother's name;
His first success, his rising college fame,
Made merriest music at that warm fireside;
And in the parent-hearts deep echoes thrilled,
As the repeated chord proclaimed fond hopes fulfilled.

No dim presentiment of sorrow fell
Upon that zenith hour of happiness,
Perhaps the brightest that could ever bless
A merely earthly lot; the purest well
Of natural joy, unselfish, undefiled,
Up-springing to the day, while heaven above it smiled

And so the evening hours sped swiftly by,
And Christmas carols closed the happy time,
And Christmas bells, in sweet wind-wafted chime,
Stole softly through the shutters. Not a sigh
With music of the gay good-night was blent,
No discord in that full, harmonious content.

What then? Bernard and Constance wakeful lay
A long, long while, unwilling each to tell
That, as the midnight tolled, it seemed the knell
Of the great gladness of that Christmas Day.
"Oh, what if it should prove too bright to last,
Clear shining that precedes the wild and rainy blast!"

And they were right. It *could* not come again!
Sickness, and scattering, and varied woe,
Yet nothing but the lot of most below,
Soon marred the music of that perfect strain.
And though the westering path had many a gleam,
That zenith-joy was but an oft-remembered dream.

VII.

A soft spring twilight. Cherry blossoms white
Whispered about the summer they were told
Was coming, when the beech trees would unfold
Their horny buds, and chestnuts would be dight
In great green leaves. "What will become of us?"
They wondered! And they shivered as they questioned thus.

For the east wind came by, with curfew bell
Upon his wings, and touched them stealthily,
Shrivelling the tender leaves. And silently
In their sweet white array the blossoms fell.
Ah for the zenith of the cherry tree!
Yet *is* it past, although the snowy glories be?

Wait for the shining of the summer day;
Wait for the crimson glow amid the green;
Wait for the wealth of ruby ripeness, seen
After the fitful spring has passed away.
Wait till the Master comes, with His own hand
To find His pleasant fruit in clusters rich and grand.

Yes, soft spring twilight! And a bowing head,
A kneeling form amid the shadows grey;
A heart from which the hopes had passed away,
That made life exquisite as the blossoms shed
Around that open window;—and a throb
Of dull grey pain, that rose, and forced one low deep sob.

Only the zenith of his youth had passed,
And scarcely that. Yet perhaps the saddest time
Is while the echo of the matin chime
Has hardly died away in silence vast;
Sadder to realize the noonday height,
Than the slow-gathering shades of long impending night.

It did not seem that there could ever be
Another zenith, different, and bright
With grander hopes, and far more glorious light
Than all the spells of syren minstrelsy,
And all the love and gladness that entwined
The merry paths of youth, for ever left behind.

For Godfrey had no special powers to spur
To emulation in the great world-race,
No special gifts or aims;—the open space
A possible joy had filled—the dream of her
Who might have been and yet was not to be
Queen of his life! and now—the dark-draped throne was free!

Free! Yet Another claimed that empty throne,
And in the twilight He was drawing near,
'Mid all those shadows of dim grief, and fear,
And sense of vanity. The King unknown,
Unrecognised as yet, was come to reign,
And yet to crown the life that owned its life was vain.

And while the spring airs trembled through the trees,
The gracious Wind that bloweth where it lists
Dispersed the fallacies, the world-breathed mists
That hid unseen realities. That Breeze
Unveiled the mysteries of hidden sin,
And let the all-searching Light flash startlingly within.

Then the vague weariness was roused indeed,
And passed away for ever, as he saw
The nearer lightnings of the holy law
Through suddenly deepening darkness; then the need
More of a Saviour than mere safety dawned
In lurid daybreak, as he glimpsed the gulf that yawned

Close at his feet—those careless feet that trod
So merrily a harmless-seeming course
Of merely useless pleasure, by the force
Of custom, and yet never came to God,
Never yet stepped upon the Living Way
That only leads to life and everlasting day.

Or if awhile a looming sorrow-cloud
He entered, still he found the Glory there,
Shechinah-brightness resting still and fair
Within the holy curtains, as he bowed
Before the Presence on the Mercy-seat;
Then forth he came with sound of golden bells most sweet.

And then the music floated on the wind,
A constant carol of glad tidings told,
Of how the lives the One Life doth enfold
Are ever with that Life so closely twined,
That nought can separate, below, above,
And life itself is one long miracle of love.

At last the gentle tone was heard, that falls
In all-mysterious sweetness on the ear
That long has listened, longing, without fear,
Because so well it knows the Voice that calls;
Though only once that solemn call is heard,
While angel-songs take up the echoes of the word.

"Friend, go up higher!" So he took that night
The one grand step, beyond the stars of God,
Into the splendour, shadowless and broad,
Into the everlasting joy and light.
The Zenith of the earthly life was come;
What marvel that the lips were for the moment dumb!

What then? Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard!
Wait till thou too hast fought the noble strife,
And won, through Jesus Christ, the crown of life!
Then shalt thou know the glory of the word,
Then as the stars for ever—ever shine,
Beneath the King's own smile,—perpetual Zenith thine!

September 11*th*, 1877.

The Thoughts of God.

THY thoughts, O God! O theme Divine!
Except Thy Spirit in my darkness shine,
And make it light,
And overshadow me
With stilling might,
And touch my lips that I may speak of Thee,—
How shall I soar
To thoughts of Thy thoughts? and how dare to write
Of Thine?

Thou understandest mine
Far off and long before.
Thou searchest, knowest, compassest! Thy hand is laid
Upon me. Whither shall I flee
From Omnipresence and Omniscience? If I fly
To heaven, Thou art there: and if I lie
In the unseen land,
Behold, Thou art there also! If I take
The wings of morning, and my dwelling make
In the uttermost parts of the great sea,
Even there Thy hand shall lead me, Thy right hand
Shall hold me. If I say
Surely the night
Shall cover me, it shall be light
About me. Yea, the shade
Of darkness hideth not from Thee,
Night shineth as the day;
The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.

Thee I will praise: for I am fearfully
And wonderfully made.
My substance was not hid from Thee
When I was made in secret, curiously wrought
And yet imperfect. Then
Thine eyes did see me. In Thy book
Were all my members written, when
Not one of them was into being brought.
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me,
Too excellent, too high. Yet 'tis but one
Keen ray of Thy great sun
Touching an atom in a dusty nook!

One ray! while others traverse depths profound
Of possible chaos; and illume
The boundless bound
Of space; and vivify worlds all unguessed,
To whom
Our farthest eastern spark,
Caught by the mightiest telescope that ever pierced the dark,
Is farthest west.

One ray! while others overflow
The countless hosts of angels with celestial blaze;
With still diviner glow,
Flooding each heart with adoration sweet;
And yet too glorious for the gaze
Of seraphim, who cover face and feet
With burning wings,
While through the universe their "Holy, holy," rings.

Only one ray! Yet doth it come
So close to us, so very near,
Our inmost selves enfolding,
Discerning, penetrating,—we, beholding

Its terrible brightness, well might fear,
But for the glow
Of known and trusted Love that pulseth warm below.
And so
The psalm ariseth, strong and clear,
"How precious are Thy thoughts to me, O God!
How great their sum!"
Uncounted, marvellous, and very deep and broad,
Unsearchable and high!
Infinity
Of holiest, mightiest mystery,
That never sight
Or tongue of mortal seer
Could see or tell,
That never flight
Of flame-like spirits that in strength excel
Hath reached! The very faith that brings us near
Reveals new distances, new depths of light
Unfathomed,—seas of suns that never eye
Created, hath beheld or ever can behold!

What know we of God's thoughts? One word of gold
A volume doth enfold.
They are—"Not ours!"
Ours? what are they? their value and their powers?
So evanescent, that while thousands fleet
Across the busy brain,
Only a few remain
To set their seal on memory's strange consistence.
Of these, some worthless, some a life-regret,
That we would fain forget;
And very few are rich and great and sweet;
And fewer still are lasting gain,
And these most often born of pain,
Or sprung from strong concussion into strong existence.

What else? Even in their proudest strength so weak,
So isolated and so rootless,
So flowerless and so fruitless;—
We think, and dare not do,—we think, and cannot speak!
A thought alone is less than breath,
Only the shudder of a living death,
A thing of scorn,
A formless embryo in chaos born,
It must be seized with resolute grasp of will,
With swiftness and with skill,
And moulded on life's anvil, ere it glow
With any fire or force;
And wrought with many a blow
And welded in the heat by toiling strength
With many another, ere it go at length
The humblest mission to fulfil.
And then its tiny might
Is not inherent, but alone dependent
Upon the primal source
And spring of power, First, Sole, Supreme, Transcendent!

What else? So circumscribed in flight!
Like bats in sunshine, striking helpless wings
Against the shining things,
That to their dazzled sight
Appear not; hindered everywhere
By unseen obstacles with puzzling pain.
Or like the traveller, toiling long to gain
An Alpine summit, white and fair,
With far-extending view; but still withheld,
And to the downward track with fainting step compelled,
By an intangible barrier; for the air
Is all too rare,
Too keenly pure
For valley-dweller to endure.

THE MATTERHORN.

"Or, like the traveller, toiling long to gain
An alpine summit, white and fair."

For thus our thoughts rebound
From the Invisible-Infinite, on every side
Hemmed ever round
By the Impassable, that never mortal pinion
Hath over-soared, that mocks at human pride,
Imprisoned in its own supposed dominion.

What else? So mingled, so impure;
So interwoven with the threads of sin,
Visible or invisible as the sight
Is purged to see them in God's light;
So subtle in their changeful forms, now dark, now bright;
Such mystery of iniquity within,
That we must loathe our very thoughts, but for the cure
He hath devised,—the blessed Tree
The Lord hath shown us, that, cast in, can heal
The fountain whence the bitter waters flow.
Divinest remedy
Whose power we feel,
Whose grace we comprehend not, but we know.

What else? So fallible, so full of errors,—
No certainty! In aught unproved and new,
Treading volcanic soil o'er smothered terrors;
Spectral misgivings rising to the view,
As each step crushes through
Some older crust of truth assumed. And this is all
That human thoughts can do,
Leaning on human strength and reason solely;
Now wrong, now right, now false, now true,
As may befall!
And even the truest never reaching wholly
Truth Absolute,
That still our touch eludes,

And vanishes in deeper depths when man intrudes
Within her awful solitudes.
Where many a string is mute
And many awanting, all the rest
Imperfectly attuned at best,—
We can but wait for truth of tone,
For truth of modulation and expression,
With lowliest confession
Of utter powerlessness, content
To trust His thoughts and not our own,—
Until the Maker of the instrument
Shall tune it in another sphere,
By His own perfect hand and ear.

Now turn we from the darkness to the light,
From dissonance to pure and full accord!
"My thoughts are not as your thoughts, saith the Lord,
Nor are your ways as My ways. As the height
Of heaven above the earth, so are My ways,
My thoughts, to yours;—out of your sight,
Above your praise."
O oracle most grand!
Thus teaching by sublimest negative
What by a positive we could not understand,
Or, understanding, live!
And now, search fearlessly
The imperfections and obscurity,
The weakness and impurity,
Of all our thoughts. On each discovery
Write, "NOT as ours!" Then, in every line,
Behold God's glory shine
In humbling yet sweet contrast, as we view
His thoughts, Eternal, Strong, and Holy, Infinite, and True.

AND now, what have we of these thoughts of God,
So high, so deep, so broad?
What hath He given, and what are we receiving?
A revelation
Dim, pale, and cold
Beside their hidden fire, yet gorgeously enscrolled
Upon His wide Creation.
He would not all withhold,
His children in the silent darkness leaving;
Nor would He overwhelm our heart
And strike it dumb;
And so He hath enfolded some
In fair expressions for the eye and ear;
Though faint, yet clear;
Such as our powers may apprehend in part.
Thus hath He wrought
The dazzling swiftness of the thought
That veiled itself for mortal ken in light.
And thus the myriad-handed might
Of that from which the million-teeming ocean fell,
No greater toil to Him,
From silent depth to surfy rim,
Than the small crystal drop which fills a rosy shell.
And thus the Infinite Ideal
Of perfect Beauty, (only real
In Him and through Him, pure conception
Too exquisite for our perception,)
He hath translated, giving us such lines
As we can trace,
In mountain grandeur and in lily grace,
In sunset, cloudland, or soul-moulded face,
Such alphabets and signs

As we, His little ones, may slowly, softly read,
Supplying thus a deep, true spirit-need.

What know we more? One thought He hath expressed
In that great scheme
Of which we, straining, catch a glimpse or gleam
In light or shadow;—scheme embracing all,
Star-system cycles and the sparrow's fall;—
Scheme all-combining, wisest, grandest, best.
We call it Providence. And each may deem
Himself a tiny centre of that thought;
For how mysteriously enwrought
Are all our moments in its folds of might,
Our own horizon ever bounding
And yet not limiting, but still surrounding
Our lives, while reaching far beyond our quickest sight.
O thought of consummated harmony!
Each life is one note in that symphony,
Without which were its cadence incomplete:
Yet each note complex, formed of many a reed;
And each reed quivering with vibrations passing count,
And each vibration blending
In mystic trinities ascending
Through weird harmonics that recede
Into the unknown silences, or meet
In clashing thrills unanalyzed, and mount
In tangled music, yet all plain and clear
Unto the Master's ear.
O thought of consummated melody
And perfect rhythm! though its mighty beat
Transcend angelic faculty,
And though its mighty bars
May be the fall of worlds, the birth of stars,
Its measure—all eternity—

One echo, calm and sweet,
Our clue to this great music of God's plan,
Sounds on in ever-varying repeat—
Glory to God on high, peace and goodwill to man!

What have we more? Scan we the blinding blaze
Of the refulgent rays
Outpourèd from the Very Fount of Light?
One thought of God in undiluted splendour
Flashed on our feeble gaze,
Were never borne by mortal sight.
He knew it, and He gave,
In mercy tender,
All that the soul unwittingly doth crave,
All that it can receive. He robed
In finite words the sparkles of His thought,
The starry fire englobed
In tiny spheres of language, shielding, softening thus
The living, burning glory. And He brought
Even to us
This strange celestial treasure that no prayer
Had asked of Him, no ear had heard,
Nor heart of man conceived. He laid it there,
Even at our feet, and said it was His Word.
O mystery of tender grace!
We find
God's thoughts in human words enshrined,
God's very life and love with ours entwined.
All wonderingly from page to page we pass,
Owning the darkening yet revealing glass;
In every line we trace,
In fair display,
Prismatic atoms of the glorious bow
Projected on the darkest cloud that e'er
O'ergloomed the world that God had made so fair,

The rainbow of His covenant; each one
Reflecting perfectly a sevenfold ray,
Shot from the sun
Of His exceeding love,
Strong and serene above,
Upon a tremulous drop of tearful life below.

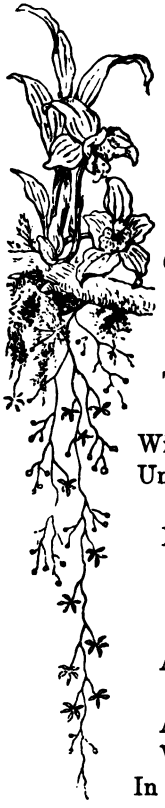
One thought, His thought of thoughts, awakes our song
Of endless thanks and marvelling adoration
More than aught else. For Providence, Creation,
All He hath made and all He doth prepare,
Thoughts grand and wise, and strong,
Thoughts tender and most fair,
Are pale beside the glory of Salvation,
Redemption's gracious plan and glorious revelation:—
The focus where all rays unite;
Each attribute arrayed in sevenfold light,
Each adding splendour to the rest.
The meeting blest
Of His great love and foreseen human woe
Struck forth a mighty fire, that sent a glow
Throughout the universe;—an overflow
To the dim confines that none know
Save He who traced them; lit up gloriously
The farthest vistas of Eternity;
And, flooding heaven itself with radiance new,
Revealed the heart of God, all-merciful, all-true.

Thus are the thoughts of God made known to men.
Yet is all revelation bounded
First by its vehicle, and then
By its reception. Unseen things
Remain unfathomed and unsounded,
And hidden as the springs
Of an immeasurable sea,
Because His thought, sublime and great,
No language finds commensurate
With its infinity;
And when compressed in any finite mould,
'Tis but a fraction that the mind of man
Receiveth. For we hold
But what we span,
We only see
What feeble lenses and weak sight may scan.
And thus a double lessening, double veiling
Of the unimagined glory of a thought of Him
Who dwells between the cherubim!
First, suffering and paling
By its necessitate transition
From Infinite to Finite, for that all expression
Is by its nature finite; then the vision
Which angels might receive straightway,
Unshorn of any ray,
And hold in full possession,
Must enter by the portal
Of faculties sin-paralyzed and mortal;
And in the human breast's low-vaulted gloom
It finds no room
For any high display.

This is no guess-work. It is even so
With our poor thoughts. For they are always more
Than any form or language can convey.

We know
Things that we cannot say;
We soar,
Where we could never map our flight.
We see
Flashes and colourings too quick and bright
For any hand to paint. We meet
Depths that no line can sound. We hear
Strange far-off mental music, all too sweet,
Too great for any earthly instrument;
Gone, if we strive to bring it near.

For who that knows
The sudden surging and the startling throes
Of subterranean soul-fires with no vent,
That seek an Etna all in vain;—
Or the slow forming of some grand, fair thought,
With exquisite lingering outwrought,
Only to melt before the touch of effort or of pain:—
(Like quivering rose-fire 'neath a filmy veil
In mountain dawn,
That grows all still and pale
When the transparent silver is withdrawn.)
Oh! who that knows but owns the meagre dower
Of poor weak language married to thought's royal power—
Oh! who that knows but needs must own,
If it be thus
Even with us,
Groping and tottering alone
Around the footstool of His throne,
With limited ideas and babe-like powers,
What must it be with Him, whose thoughts
are not as ours!



And now
We only bow,
And gaze above
In raptured awe and silent love;
For mortal speech
Can never reach
A word of meetly-moulded praise,
For one glimpse of the blessèd rays,
Ineffable and purely bright,
Outflowing ever from the Unapproachèd Light.

They say there is a hollow, safe and still,
A point of coolness and repose
Within the centre of a flame, where life might dwell
Unharmed and unconsumed, as in a luminous shell,
Which the bright walls of fire enclose
In breachless splendour, barrier that no foes
Could pass at will.

There is a point of rest
At the great centre of the cyclone's force,
A silence at its secret source;—
A little child might slumber undistressed,
Without the ruffle of one fairy curl,
In that strange central calm amid the mighty whirl.

So, in the centre of these thoughts of God,
Cyclones of power, consuming glory-fire,—
As we fall o'erawed
Upon our faces, and are lifted higher
By His great gentleness, and carried nigher
Than unredeemèd angels, till we stand
Even in the hollow of His hand,—

Nay, more! we lean upon His breast—
There, there we find a point of perfect rest
And glorious safety. There we see
His thoughts to usward, thoughts of peace
That stoop in tenderest love; that still increase
With increase of our need; that never change,
That never fail, or falter, or forget.
O pity infinite!
O royal mercy free!
O gentle climax of the depth and height
Of God's most precious thoughts, most wonderful, most strange!
"For I am poor and needy, yet
The Lord Himself, Jehovah, *thinketh upon me!*"

The Ministry of Intercession.

THERE is no holy service
But hath its secret bliss:
Yet, of all blessèd ministries,
Is one so dear as this?
The ministry that cannot be
A wondering seraph's dower,
Enduing mortal weakness
With more than angel-power.
The ministry of purest love
Uncrossed by any fear,
That bids us meet at the Master's feet,
And keeps us very near.

God's ministers are many,
For this His gracious will,
Remembrancers that day and night
This holy office fill.
While some are hushed in slumber,
Some to fresh service wake,
And thus the saintly number
No change or chance can break.
And thus the sacred courses
Are evermore fulfilled,
The tide of grace by time or place
Is never stayed or stilled.

Oh, if our ears were opened
To hear as angels do
The Intercession-chorus
Arising full and true,
We should hear it soft up-welling
In morning's pearly light,
Through evening's shadows swelling
In grandly gathering might,
The sultry silence filling
Of noontide's thunderous glow,
And the solemn starlight thrilling
With ever-deepening flow.

We should hear it through the rushing
Of the city's restless roar,
And trace its gentle gushing
O'er ocean's crystal floor:
We should hear it far up-floating
Beneath the Orient moon,
And catch the golden noting
From the busy Western noon,

And pine-robed heights would echo
As the mystic chant up-floats,
And the sunny plain resound again
With the myriad-mingling notes.

Who are the blessèd ministers
Of this world-gathering band?
All who have learnt One Language,
Through each far-parted land;
All who have learnt the story
Of Jesu's love and grace,
And are longing for His glory
To shine in every face.
All who have known the Father
In Jesus Christ our Lord,
And know the might and love the light
Of the Spirit in the Word.

Yet there are some who see not
Their calling high and grand,
Who seldom pass the portals,
And never boldly stand
Before the golden altar
On the crimson-stainèd floor,
Who wait afar and falter,
And dare not hope for more.
Will ye not join the blessèd ranks
In their beautiful array?
Let intercession blend with thanks
As ye minister to-day!

There are little ones among them,
Child-ministers of prayer,
White robes of intercession
Those tiny servants wear.

First for the near and dear ones
Is that fair ministry,
Then for the poor black children,
So far beyond the sea.
The busy hands are folded,
As the little heart uplifts
In simple love, to God above,
Its prayer for all good gifts.

There are hands too often weary
With the business of the day,
With God-entrusted duties,
Who are toiling while they pray.
They bear the golden vials,
And the golden harps of praise,
Through all the daily trials,
Through all the dusty ways.
These hands, so tired, so faithful,
With odours sweet are filled,
And in the ministry of prayer
Are wonderfully skilled.

There are ministers unlettered,
Not of Earth's great and wise,
Yet mighty and unfettered
Their eagle prayers arise.
Free of the heavenly storehouse!
They hold the master-key
That opens all the fulness
Of God's great treasury.
They bring the needs of others,
And all things are their own,
For their one grand claim is Jesu's name
Before their Father's throne.

There are noble Christian workers,
The men of faith and power,
The overcoming wrestlers
Of many a midnight hour;
Prevailing princes with their God,
Who will not be denied,
Who bring down showers of blessing
To swell the rising tide.
The Prince of Darkness quaileth
At their triumphant way,
Their fervent prayer availeth
To sap his subtle sway.

But in this Temple-service
Are sealed and set apart
Arch-priests of intercession,
Of undivided heart.
The fulness of anointing
On these is doubly shed,
The consecration of their God
Is on each low-bowed head.
They bear the golden vials
With white and trembling hand;
In quiet room or wakeful gloom
These ministers must stand,—

To the Intercession-Priesthood
Mysteriously ordained,
When the strange dark gift of suffering
This added gift hath gained.
For the holy hands uplifted
In suffering's longest hour
Are truly Spirit-gifted
With intercession-power.

The Lord of Blessing fills them
With His uncounted gold,
An unseen store, still more and more
Those trembling hands shall hold.

Not always with rejoicing
This ministry is wrought,
For many a sigh is mingled
With the sweet odours brought.
Yet every tear bedewing
The faith-fed altar fire
May be its bright renewing
To purer flame, and higher.
But when the oil of gladness
God graciously outpours,
The heavenward blaze with blended praise
More mightily upsoars.

So the incense-cloud ascendeth
As through calm crystal air,
A pillar reaching unto heaven,
Of wreathèd faith and prayer.
For evermore the Angel
Of Intercession stands
In His Divine High Priesthood,
With fragrance-fillèd hands,
To wave the golden censer
Before His Father's throne,
With Spirit-fire intenser,
And incense all His own.

And evermore the Father
Sends radiantly down
All-marvellous responses,
His ministers to crown;

The incense-cloud returning
As golden blessing-showers,
We in each drop discerning
Some feeble prayer of ours,
Transmuted into wealth unpriced,
By Him who giveth thus
The glory all to Jesus Christ,
The gladness all to us!

"Free to Serve."

SHE chose His service. For the Lord of Love
Had chosen her, and paid the awful price
For her redemption; and had sought her out,
And set her free, and clothed her gloriously,
And put His royal ring upon her hand,
And crowns of lovingkindness on her head.
She chose it. Yet it seemed she could not yield
The fuller measure other lives could bring;
For He had given her a precious gift,
A treasure and a charge to prize and keep,
A tiny hand, a darling hand, that traced
On her heart's tablet words of golden love.
And there was not much room for other lines,
For time and thought were spent, (and rightly spent,
For He had given the charge,) and hours and days
Were concentrated on the one dear task.

But He had need of her. Not one new gem,
But many, for His crown;—not one fair sheaf,
But many, she should bring. And she should have
A richer, happier harvest-home at last,

Because more fruit, more glory, and more praise,
Her life should yield to Him. And so He came,
The Master came Himself, and gently took
The little hand in His, and gave it room
Among the angel-harpers. Jesus came
And laid His own hand on the quivering heart,
And made it very still, that He might write
Invisible words of power—"Free to serve!"
Then through the darkness and the chill He sent
A heat-ray of His love, developing
The mystic writing, till it glowed and shone
And lit up all her life with radiance new,—
The happy service of a yielded heart.
With comfort that He never ceased to give,
Because her need could never cease, she filled
The empty chalices of other lives,
And time and thought were thenceforth spent for Him
Who loved her with His everlasting love.

Let Him write what He will upon our hearts
With His unerring pen. They are His own,
Hewn from the rock by His selecting grace,
Prepared for His own glory. Let Him write!
Be sure He will not cross out one sweet word
But to inscribe a sweeter,—but to grave
One that shall shine for ever to His praise,
And thus fulfil our deepest heart-desire.
The tearful eye at first may read the line
"Bondage to grief!" but He shall wipe away
The tears, and clear the vision, till it read
In ever-brightening letters, "Free to serve!"
For whom the Son makes free is free indeed.

Nor only by reclaiming His good gifts,
But by withholding, doth the Master write

These words upon the heart. Not always needs
Erasure of some blessèd line of love
For this more blest inscription. Where He finds
A tablet empty for the "lines left out,"
That "might have been" engraved with human love
And sweetest human cares, yet never bore
That poetry of life, His own dear hand
Writes "Free to serve!" And these clear characters
Fill with fair colours all the unclaimed space,
Else grey and colourless.

Then let it be
The motto of our lives until we stand
In the great freedom of Eternity,
Where we "*shall* serve Him" while we see His face,
For ever and for ever "Free to serve."

Coming to the King.

2 CHRONICLES IX. 1–12.

I CAME from very far away to see
The King of Salem; for I had been told
Of glory and of wisdom manifold,
And condescension infinite and free.
How could I rest, when I had heard His fame,
In that dark lonely land of death from whence I came?

I came (but not like Sheba's Queen), alone!
No stately train, no costly gifts to bring;
No friend at court, save One, that One the King!
I had requests to spread before His throne,
And I had questions none could solve for me,
Of import deep, and full of awful mystery.

I came and communed with that mighty King,
And told Him all my heart; I cannot say,
In mortal ear, what communings were they.
But wouldst thou know, go too, and meekly bring
All that is in thy heart, and thou shalt hear
His voice of love and power, His answers sweet and clear.

O happy end of every weary quest!
He told me all I needed, graciously;—
Enough for guidance, and for victory
O'er doubts and fears, enough for quiet rest;
And when some veiled response I could not read,
It was not hid from Him,—this was enough indeed.

His wisdom and His glories passed before
My wondering eyes in gradual revelation;
The house that He had built, its strong foundation,
Its living stones; and, brightening more and more,
Fair glimpses of that palace far away,
Where all His loyal ones shall dwell with Him for aye.

True the report that reached my far-off land
Of all His wisdom and transcendent fame;
Yet I believèd not until I came,—
Bowed to the dust till raised by royal hand.
The half was never told by mortal word;
My King exceeded all the fame that I had heard!

Oh, happy are His servants! happy they
Who stand continually before His face,
Ready to do His will of wisest grace!
My King! is mine such blessedness to-day?
For I too hear Thy wisdom, line by line,
Thy ever brightening words in holy radiance shine.

Oh, blessèd be the Lord thy God! who set
Our King upon His throne. Divine delight
In the Belovèd crowning Thee with might,
Honour, and majesty supreme; and yet
The strange and Godlike secret opening thus,—
The kingship of His Christ ordained through love to us!

What shall I render to my glorious King?
I have but that which I receive from Thee;
And what I give, Thou givest back to me,
Transmuted by Thy touch; each worthless thing
Changed to the preciousness of gem or gold,
And by Thy blessing multiplied a thousand fold.

All my desire Thou grantest, whatsoe'er
I ask! Was ever mythic tale or dream
So bold as this reality,—this stream
Of boundless blessings flowing full and free?
Yet more than I have thought or asked of Thee,
Out of Thy royal bounty still Thou givest me.

Now I will turn to my own land, and tell
What I myself have seen and heard of Thee,
And give Thine own sweet message, "Come and see!"
And yet in heart and mind for ever dwell
With Thee, my King of Peace, in loyal rest,
Within the fair pavilion of Thy presence blest.

"Surely in what place my Lord the King shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will Thy servant be."—2 SAM. xv. 21.

"Where I am, there shall also My servant be."—JOHN xii. 26.

"The Splendour of God's Will."

IN the freshness of the springtime,
In the beauty of the May,
When the swift-winged breezes carolled,
And the lambs were all at play,
And the birds were blithe and busy,
Upon her couch she lay.

Like a lily bruised and drooping,
Before its early flower
Had fully opened to the sun,
Or reached a noontide hour;
Broken and yet more fragrant
For the heavy-beating shower.

It was not the first springtime
Passed without one glad sight
Of a starry primrose growing,
Or a brooklet swift and bright,
And without one bounding footstep
On a field with daisies white.

It was not the first springtime—
And it might not be the last
In weariness and suffering
Thus to be slowly passed;
For when the young feet cannot move
Months do not travel fast.

And yet she saw what others
Have never sought or seen,
A splendour more than spring-light
On fair trees waving green,
And more than summer sunshine
On Ocean's silver sheen.

Her pencil, tracing feebly
Words that shall echo still,
Perchance some unknown mission
May joyously fulfil :—
"I think I just begin to see
The *splendour* of God's will!"

O words of golden music
Caught from the harps on high,
Which find a glorious anthem
Where we have found a sigh,
And peal their grandest praises
Just where ours faint and die!

O words of holy radiance
Shining on every tear,
Till it becomes a rainbow,
Reflecting, bright and clear,
Our Father's love and glory
So wonderful, so dear!

O words of sparkling power,
Of insight full and deep!
Shall they not enter other hearts
In a grand and gladsome sweep,
And lift the lives to songs of joy
That only droop and weep?

For her, God's will was suffering,
Just waiting, lying still!
Days passing on in weariness,
In shadows deep and chill;
And yet she had begun to see
The Splendour of God's Will!

And oh, it is a splendour,
A glow of majesty,
A mystery of beauty,
If we will only see;
A very cloud of glory
Enfolding you and me.

A splendour that is lighted
At one transcendent flame,
The wondrous Love, the perfect Love,
Our Father's sweetest name;
For His very Name, and Essence,
And His Will are all the same!

A splendour that is shining
Upon His children's way;
That guides the willing footsteps
That do not want to stray,
And that leads them ever onward
Unto the perfect day.

A splendour that illumines,
Th' abysses of the Past
And marvels of the Future,
Sublime and bright and vast;
While o'er our tiny Present
A flood of light is cast.

No twilight falls upon it,
No shadow dims its ray,
No darkness overcomes it,
No night can end its day;
It hath unending triumph
And everlasting sway.

Blest Will of God! most glorious,
The very fount of grace,
Whence all the goodness floweth
That heart can ever trace—
Temple whose pinnacles are love,
And faithfulness its base.

Blest Will of God! whose splendour
Is dawning on the world,
On hearts in which Christ's banner
Is manfully unfurled,
On hearts of childlike meekness,
With dew of youth impearled.

O Spirit of Jehovah,
Reveal this glory still!
That many an empty chalice
Sweet thanks and praise may fill,
When, like this "little one," they see
"The Splendour of God's Will:"

That faith may win the vision
That hers hath early won,
And gaze upon the splendour,
And own the cloudless sun,
And join the seraph song of love,
And *sing*—"Thy Will be done!"

The Two Paths.

Via Dolorosa and Via Giojosa.

[Suggested by a Picture.]

My Master, they have wronged Thee and Thy love!
They only told me I should find the path
A Via Dolorosa all the way!
Even Thy sweetest singers only sang
Of pressing onward through the same sharp thorns,
With bleeding footsteps, through the chill dark mist,
Following and struggling till they reach the light,
The rest, the sunshine of the far beyond.
The anthems of the pilgrimage were set
In most pathetic minors, exquisite,
Yet breathing sadness more than any praise.
Thy minstrels let the fitful breezes make
Æolian moans on their entrusted harps,
Until the listeners thought that this was all
The music Thou hadst given. And so the steps
That halted where the two ways met and crossed,
The broad and narrow, turned aside in fear,
Thinking the radiance of their youth must pass
In sombre shadows if they followed Thee;
Hearing afar such echoes of one strain,
The cross, the tribulation, and the toil,
The conflict, and the clinging in the dark.
What wonder that the dancing feet are stayed
From entering the only path of peace!
Master, forgive them! Tune their harps anew,
And put a new song in their mouths for Thee,
And make Thy chosen people joyful in Thy love.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast trodden once for all
The Via Dolorosa,—and for *us!*
No artist-power or minstrel-gift may tell
The cost to Thee of each unfaltering step,
Where love that passeth knowledge led Thee on,
Faithful and true to God, and true to us.
And now, belovèd Lord, Thou callest us
To follow Thee, and we will take Thy word
About the path which Thou hast marked for us.
Narrow indeed it is! Who does not choose
The narrow track upon the mountain-side,
With ever-widening view, and freshening air,
And honeyed heather, rather than the road,
With smoothest breadth of dust and loss of view,
Soiled blossoms not worth gathering, and the noise
Of wheels instead of silence of the hills,
Or music of the waterfalls? Oh, why
Should they misrepresent Thy words, and make
"Narrow" synonymous with "very hard"?
For Thou, Divinest Wisdom, Thou hast said
Thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and all
Thy paths are peace; and that the path of him
Who wears Thy perfect robe of righteousness,
Is as the light that shineth more and more
Unto the perfect day. And Thou hast given
An olden promise, rarely quoted now,[1]
Because it is too bright for our weak faith:
"If they obey and serve Him, they shall spend
Days in prosperity, and they shall spend
Their years in pleasures." All because *Thy* days
Were full of sorrow, and Thy lonely years
Were passed in grief's acquaintance—all for us!
Master, I set my seal that Thou art true!
Of Thy good promise not one thing hath failed,

[1] Job xxvi. 11.

And I would send a ringing challenge forth,
To all who know Thy name, to tell it out,
Thy faithfulness to every written word,
Thy lovingkindness crowning all the days,—
To say and sing with me: "The Lord is good,
His mercy is for ever, and His truth
Is written on each page of all my life!"
Yes! there *is* tribulation, but Thy power
Can blend it with rejoicing. There *are* thorns,
But they have kept us in the narrow way,
The King's highway of holiness and peace.
And there *is* chastening, but the Father's love
Flows through it; and would any trusting heart
Forego the chastening and forego the love?
And every step leads on to "more and more,"
From strength to strength Thy pilgrims pass and sing
The praise of Him who leads them on and on,
From glory unto glory, even here!

Sunday Night.

REST him, O Father! Thou didst send him forth
With great and gracious messages of love;
But Thy ambassador is weary now,
Worn with the weight of his high embassy.
Now care for him as Thou hast cared for us
In sending him; and cause him to lie down
In Thy fresh pastures, by Thy streams of peace.
Let Thy left hand be now beneath his head,
And Thine upholding right encircle him,

And, underneath, the Everlasting arms
Be felt in full support. So let him rest,
Hushed like a little child, without one care,
And so give Thy belovèd sleep to-night.

Rest him, dear Master! He hath poured for us
The wine of joy, and we have been refreshed.
Now fill *his* chalice, give him sweet new draughts
Of life and love, with Thine own hand; be Thou
His ministrant to-night; draw very near
In all Thy tenderness and all Thy power.
O speak to him! Thou knowest how to speak
A word in season to Thy weary ones,
And he is weary now. Thou lovest him—
Let Thy disciple lean upon Thy breast,
And, leaning, gain new strength to "rise and shine."

Rest him, O loving Spirit! Let Thy calm
Fall on his soul to-night. O holy Dove,
Spread Thy bright wing above him, let him rest
Beneath its shadow; let him know afresh
The infinite truth and might of Thy dear name—
"Our Comforter!" As gentlest touch will stay
The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,
So lay Thy hand upon his heart, and still
Each overstraining throb, each pulsing pain.
Then, in the stillness, breathe upon the strings,
And let Thy holy music overflow
With soothing power his listening, resting soul.

Memorial Names.

THE High Priest stands before the Mercy Seat,
And on his breast bright mingling jewel-flames
Reflect Shechinah light; twelve patriarch names
Flash where the emerald and sapphire meet
Sardius and diamond. With softer beam,
From mystic onyx on his shoulders placed,
Deep graven, never altered or erased,
The same great names, in birthday order, gleam.
May each name written here be thus engraved,
Set in the place of power, the place of love,
And borne in sweet memorial above,
By Him who loved and chose, redeemed and saved.
Be each dear name, the greatest and the least,
Always upon the heart of our High Priest.

Precious Things.

I.

O WHAT shining revelation of His treasures God hath given!
Precious things of grace and glory, precious things of earth and heaven.
Holy Spirit, now unlock them with Thy mighty golden key,
Royal jewels of the kingdom let us now adoring see!

II.

"Unto you therefore which believe, He is precious."—1 Pet. ii. 7.

Christ is precious, O most precious, gift by God the Father sealed;
Pearl of greatest price and treasure, hidden, yet to us revealed;
His own people's crown of glory, and resplendent diadem;
More than thousand worlds, and dearer than all life and love to them.

III.

"Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner stone, elect, precious."—1 Pet. ii. 6.

Marvellous and very precious is the Corner Stone Elect;
Though rejected by the builders, chosen by the Architect;
All-supporting, all-uniting, and all-crowning, tried and sure;
True Foundation, yet true Headstone of His temple bright and pure.

IV.

"Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot."—1 Pet. i. 18, 19.

Now, in reverent love and wonder, touch the theme of deepest laud,
Precious blood of Christ that bought us and hath made us nigh to God!
His own blood, O love unfathomed! shed for those who loved Him not;
Mighty fountain always open, cleansing us from every spot.

V.

"How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!"—Ps. cxxxix. 17.

O how wonderful and precious are Thy thoughts to us, O God!
Outlined in Creation, blazoned on Redemption's banner broad;

Infinite and deep and dazzling as the noontide heavens above;
Yet *more* wonderful to usward are Thy thoughts of peace and love.

VI.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature."—2 PET. i. 4.

Then, exceeding great and precious are Thy promises Divine;
Given by Christ, and by the Spirit sealed with sweetest "All are thine!"
Precious in their peace and power, in their sure and changeless might,
Strengthening, comforting, transforming; suns by day and stars by night.

VII.

"To them that have obtained like precious faith with us through the righteousness of God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ."—2 PET. i. 1.

Precious faith our God hath given; rich in faith is rich indeed!
Fire-tried gold from His own treasury, fully meeting every need:
Channel of His grace abounding; bringing peace and joy and light;
Purifying, overcoming; linking weakness with His might.

VIII.

"The precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garments."—Ps cxxxiii. 2.

Precious ointment, very costly, of chief odours pure and sweet,
Holy gift for royal priesthood, thus for temple-service meet;
Such the Spirit's precious unction, oil of gladness freely shed,
Sanctifying and abiding on the consecrated head.

IX.

"How excellent (*marg.* precious) is Thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings."—Ps. xxxvi. 7; Isa. liv. 8, 10.

Who shall paint the flash of splendour from the opened casket bright,
When His precious lovingkindness beams upon the quickened sight!
Priceless jewel ever gleaming with imperishable ray,
God will never take it from us, though the mountains pass away.

X.

"It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies."—Job xxviii. 16, 18.

Far more precious than the ruby, or the crystal's rainbow light,
Valued not with precious onyx or with pearl and sapphire bright,
Freely given to all who ask it, is the wisdom from above,
Pure and peaceable and gentle, full of fruits of life and love.

IX.

"Blessed of the Lord be his land for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth."—Deut. xxxiii. 13-16.

Nor withhold we glad thanksgiving for His mercies ever new,
Precious things of earth and heaven, sun and rain and quickening dew;
Precious fruits and varied crowning of the year His goodness fills,
Chief things of the ancient mountains, precious things of lasting hills.

XII.

"If thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as My mouth."—JER. xv. 19.

Such His gifts! but mark we duly our responsibility
Unto Him whose name is Holy, infinite in purity;
Sin and self no longer serving, take the precious from the vile,
So His power shall rest upon thee, thou shalt dwell beneath His smile.

XIII.

"The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold."—LAM. iv. 2.

Sons of Zion, ye are precious in your heavenly Father's sight,
Ye are His peculiar treasure, ye His jewels of delight;
Sought and chosen, cleansed and polished, purchased with transcendent cost,
Kept in His own royal casket, never, never to be lost.

XIV.

"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."—1 PET. i. 7.

Precious, more than gold that wasteth, is the trial of your faith,
Fires of anguish or temptation cannot dim it, cannot scathe!
Your Refiner sitteth watching till His image shineth clear,
For His glory, praise, and honour, when the Saviour shall appear.

XV.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."—Ps. cxvi. 15.

Precious, precious to Jehovah is His children's holy sleep;
He is with them in the passing through the waters cold and deep;
Everlasting love enfolds them softly, safely to His breast,
Everlasting love receives them to His glory and His rest.

XVI.

"He showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious; even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal."—REV. xxi. 10, 11.

Pause not here,—the Holy City, glorious in God's light, behold!
Like unto a stone most precious, clear as crystal, pure as gold;
Strong foundations, fair with sapphires, sardius and chrysolite,
Blent with amethyst and jacinth, emerald and topaz bright.

XVII.

"A city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."—HEB. xi. 10.

Glorious dwelling of the holy, where no grief or gloom of sin
Through the pure and pearly portals evermore shall enter in:
Christ its Light and God its Temple, Christ its song of endless laud!
O what precious consummation of the precious things of God!

"Afterwards."

FROM F. R. H. TO K. T.

THERE is no 'afterward' on earth for me!"
Beloved, 'tis not so!
That God's own "afterwards" are pledged to thee,
Thy life shall show.

No "afterward" indeed of great things wrought,
By willing hands and feet;
No sheaf is thine, from wider harvests brought,
With singing sweet.

Fair flowing years of ease and laughing strength,
With cloudless morning skies,
Sweet life renewed, and active work at length,
His love denies.

But living fruit of righteousness to Him
His chastening shall yield,
And constant "afterwards," no longer dim,
Shall be revealed.

Is it no "afterward" that in thy heart
His *love* is shed abroad?
And that His Spirit breathes, while called apart,
The *peace* of God?

That *joy* in tribulation shall spring forth
To greet His visits blessed,
Whose wisdom wakes the south wind or the north,
As He sees best!

Shall not *longsuffering* in thee be wrought,
To mirror back His own?
His *gentleness* shall mellow every thought,
And look and tone.

And *goodness!* In thyself dwells no good thing,
Yet from thy glorious Root
An "afterward" of holiness shall spring—
Most precious fruit!

The trial of thy *faith* from hour to hour
Shall yield a grand increase;
He shall fulfil the work of faith with power
That cannot cease.

And all around shall praise Him as they see
The *meekness* of thy Lord.
Thus, even here and now, how blest shall be
Thy sure reward!

This pleasant fruit it shall be thine to lay
At thy Belovèd's feet,
The ripening clusters growing day by day
More full and sweet.

If at His gate He keeps thee waiting now
Through many a suffering year,
Watch for His daily "afterwards," and thou
Shalt find them here:

Till, as refined gold, in thee shall shine
His image, no more dim;
Then shall the endless "afterward" be thine
Of rest with Him.

Reality.

"FATHER, WE KNOW THE REALITY OF JESUS CHRIST."—*Words used by a workman in prayer, October 14th, 1875.*

REALITY, reality,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me!
From the spectral mists and driving clouds,
From the shifting shadows and phantom crowds,
From unreal words and unreal lives,
Where truth with falsehood feebly strives,

From the passings away, the chance and change,
Flickerings, vanishings, swift and strange,
I turn to my glorious rest on Thee,
Who art the grand Reality.

Reality in greatest need,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art indeed!
Is the pilot real, who alone can guide
The drifting ship through the midnight tide?
Is the lifeboat real, as it nears the wreck,
And the saved ones leap from the parting deck?
Is the haven real, where the barque may flee
From the autumn gales of the wild North Sea?
Reality indeed art Thou,
My Pilot, Lifeboat, Haven now.

Reality, reality,
In brightest days art Thou to me!
Thou art the sunshine of my mirth,
Thou art the heaven above my earth,
The spring of the love of all my heart,
And the Fountain of my song Thou art;
For dearer than the dearest now,
And better than the best, art Thou,
Belovèd Lord, in whom I see
Joy-giving, glad Reality.

Reality, reality,
Lord Jesus, Thou hast been to me.
When I thought the dream of life was past,
And "the Master's home-call" come at last;
When I thought I only had to wait
A little while at the Golden Gate,—

Only another day or two,
Till Thou Thyself should'st bear me through,
How real Thy presence was to me!
How precious Thy Reality!

Reality, reality,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me!
Thy name is sweeter than songs of old,
Thy words are better than "most fine gold,"
Thy deeds are greater than hero-glory,
Thy life is grander than poet-story;
But Thou, Thyself, for aye the same,
Art more than words and life and name;
Thyself Thou hast revealed to me,
In glorious Reality.

Reality, reality,
Lord Jesus Christ, is crowned in Thee.
In Thee is every type fulfilled,
In Thee is every yearning stilled
For perfect beauty, truth, and love;
For Thou art always far above
The grandest glimpse of our Ideal,
Yet more and more we know Thee Real,
And marvel more and more to see
Thine infinite Reality.

Reality, reality
Of grace and glory dwells in Thee.
How real Thy mercy and Thy might!
How real Thy love, how real Thy light!
How real Thy truth and faithfulness!
How real Thy blessing when Thou dost bless!

How real Thy coming to dwell within!
How real the triumphs Thou dost win!
Does not the loving and glowing heart
Leap up to own how real Thou art?

Reality, reality!
Such let our adoration be!
Father, we bless Thee with heart and voice,
For the wondrous grace of Thy sovereign choice,
That patiently, gently, sought us out
In the far-off land of death and doubt,
That drew us to Christ by the Spirit's might,
That opened our eyes to see the light
That arose in strange reality,
From the darkness falling on Calvary.

Reality, reality,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me!
My glorious King, my Lord, my God,
Life is too short for half the laud,
For half the debt of praise I owe
For this blest knowledge, that "I know
The reality of Jesus Christ!"—
Unmeasured blessing, gift unpriced!
Will I not praise Thee when I see
In the long noon of Eternity,
Unveiled, Thy "bright Reality!"

VIEW FROM FINSHAUTS, GLACIER DU TRIENT

Seulement pour Toi.

[Written for and sung by some Swiss peasants at a Sunday afternoon Bible reading, July 23rd, 1876.]

QUE je sois, O cher Sauveur,
Seulement à Toi !
Soit l'amour de tout mon cœur
Seulement pour Toi.
Je reviens à mon Père
Seulement par Toi,
Ma confiance entière
Sera en Toi,
Seulement en Toi.

Le péché Tu as porté
Seul, seul pour moi ;
Et Ton sang Tu as versé
Seul, seul pour moi.
Toute gloire, toute joie
Sera pour Toi ;
L'espérance et la foi
Seront en Toi,
Seulement en Toi.

Aujourd'hui, O cher Seigneur,
Acceptes-moi !
Tu es seul mon grand Sauveur,
Tu es mon Roi.
Tous mes moments, tous mes jours
Seront pour Toi !
Jésus, gardes-moi toujours
Seulement pour Toi,
Seulement pour Toi.

VIEW FROM FINSHAUTS, GLACIER DU TRIENT

Que je chante et que je pleure
Seulement pour Toi !
Que je vive et que je meure
Seulement pour Toi !
Jésus, qui m'as tant aimé
Mourant pour moi,
Toute mon éternité
Sera pour Toi,
Seulement pour Toi.

FIN-HAUT, 1876.

A Song in the Night.

[Written in severe pain, Sunday afternoon, October 8th, 1876, at the Pension Wengen, Alps.]

TAKE this pain, Lord Jesus,
From Thine own hand,
The strength to bear it bravely
Thou wilt command.

I am too weak for effort,
So let me rest,
In hush of sweet submission,
On Thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As proof indeed
That Thou art watching closely
My truest need :

That Thou, my Good Physician,
Art watching still ;
That all Thine own good pleasure
Thou wilt fulfil.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
What Thou dost choose
The soul that really loves Thee
Will not refuse.

It is not for the first time
I trust to-day;
For Thee my heart has never
A trustless "Nay!"

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
But what beside?
'Tis no unmingled portion
Thou dost provide.

In every hour of faintness,
My cup runs o'er
With faithfulness and mercy,
And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As Thine own gift,
And true though tremulous praises
I now uplift.

I am too weak to sing them,
But Thou dost hear
The whisper from the pillow,—
Thou art so near!

'Tis Thy dear hand, O Saviour,
That presseth sore,
The hand that bears the nail-prints
For evermore.

And now beneath its shadow,
  Hidden by Thee,
The pressure only tells me
  Thou lovest me!

What will You do without Him?

I COULD not do without Him!
  Jesus is more to me
Than all the richest, fairest gifts
  Of earth could ever be.
But the more I find Him precious—
  And the more I find Him true—
The more I long for you to find
  What He can be to you.

You need not do without Him,
  For He is passing by,
He is waiting to be gracious,
  Only waiting for your cry;
He is waiting to receive you—
  To make you all His own!
Why will you do without Him,
  And wander on alone?

Why will you do without Him?
  Is He not kind indeed?
Did He not die to save you?
  Is He not all you need?
Do you not want a Saviour?
  Do you not want a Friend?
One who will love you faithfully,
  And love you to the end?

Why will you do without Him?
The Word of God is true,
The world is passing to its doom—
And you are passing too.
It may be no to-morrow
Shall dawn on you or me;
Why will you run the awful risk
Of all eternity?

What will you do without Him,
In the long and dreary day
Of trouble and perplexity,
When you do not know the way,
And no one else can help you,
And no one guides you right,
And hope comes not with morning,
And rest comes not with night?

You could not do without Him,
If once He made you see
The fetters that enchain you,
Till He hath set you free.
If once you saw the fearful load
Of sin upon your soul—
The hidden plague that ends in death,
Unless He makes you whole.

What will you do without Him
When death is drawing near?
Without His love—the only love
That casts out every fear;
When the shadow-valley opens,
Unlighted and unknown,
And the terrors of its darkness
Must all be passed alone!

What will you do without Him,
When the great white throne is set,
And the Judge who never can mistake,
And never can forget,—
The Judge whom you have never here
As Friend and Saviour sought,
Shall summon you to give account
Of deed and word and thought?

What will you do without Him,
When He hath shut the door,
And you are left outside, because
You would not come before?
When it is no use knocking,
No use to stand and wait,
For the word of doom tolls through your heart,
That terrible "Too late!"

You *cannot* do without Him!
There is no other Name
By which you ever *can* be saved,
No way, no hope, no claim!
Without Him—everlasting loss
Of love, and life, and light!
Without Him—everlasting woe,
And everlasting night.

But with Him—oh! *with Jesus!*
Are any words so blest?
With Jesus, everlasting joy
And everlasting rest!
With Jesus,—all the empty heart
Filled with His perfect love;
With Jesus,—perfect peace below,
And perfect bliss above.

Why should you do without Him?
It is not yet too late;
He has not closed the day of grace,
He has not shut the gate.
He calls you!—hush! He calls you!
He would not have you go
Another step without Him,
Because He loves you so.

He would not do without you!
He calls and calls again—
"Come unto Me! Come unto Me!"
Oh, shall He call in vain?
He wants to have you with Him;
Do you not want Him too?
You cannot do without Him,
And He wants—even you.

THE LEASOWES, 1876.

"The Shining Light, that Shineth more and more unto the Perfect Day."

(PROV. iv. 18.)

A YEAR ago the gold light
Sweet morning made for me;
A tender and untold light,
Like music on the sea.
Light and music twining
In melodious glory,
A rare and radiant shining
On my changing story.

PEGGA VON ROSEN.

VINCENT BROOKS, DAY & SON, LITH.

THE VOICE OF MANY WATERS.

THE BRUAR FALLS IN SCOTLAND.

To-day the golden sunlight
  Is full and broad and strong;
The glory of the One light
  Must overflow in song;
Song that floweth ever,
  Sweeter every day,
Song whose echoes never,
  Never die away.

How shall the light be clearer
  That is so bright to day?
How shall the hope be dearer
  That pours such joyous ray?
I am only waiting
  For the answer golden,
What faith is antedating
  Shall not be withholden.

The Voice of Many Waters.

FAR away I heard it,
  Stealing through the pines,
Like a whisper saintly,
Falling dimly, faintly,
  Through the terraced vines.

Freshening breezes bore it
  Down the mountain slope;
So I turned and listened,
While the sunlight glistened
  On the snowy cope.

Far away and dreamy
  Was the Voice I heard;
Yet it pierced and found me,
Through the voices round me—
  Song without a word.

All the life and turmoil,
  All the busy cheer
Melted in the flowing
Of that murmur, growing,
  Claiming all my ear.

What the mountain-message,
  I could never tell;
Such Eolian fluting
Hath no language suiting
  What we write and spell.

Rather did it enter
  Where no words can win,
Touching and unsealing
Springs of hidden feeling,
  Slumbering deep within.

Voice of many waters
  Only heard afar!
Hushing, luring slowly,
With an influence holy,
  Like the Orient Star.

Follow where it leadeth,
  Till we stand below,
While the noble thunder
Wins the hush of wonder,
  Silent in its glow.

Light and sound triumphant
  Fill the eye and ear;
Every pulse is beating
Quick unconsious greeting
  To the vision near.

Rainbow-flames are wreathing
  In the dazzling foam,
Fancy far transcending,
Power and beauty blending
  In their radiant home.

All the dreamy longing
  Passes out of sight,
In a swift surrender
To the joyous splendour
  Of this song of might.

Self is lost and hidden
  As it peals along;
Fevered introspection,
Paler-browed reflection
  Vanish in the song.

For the spirit, lifted
  From the dulling mists,
Takes a stronger moulding,
As the sound enfolding,
  Bears it where it lists.

Voice of many waters!
  Must we turn away
From the crystal chorus
Now resounding o'er us
  Through the flashing spray!

Far away we hear it,
  Floating from the sky;
Mystic echo, falling
Through the stars, and calling
  From the thrones on high.

There are voices round us,
  Busy, quick, and loud;
All day long we hear them,
We are still so near them,
  Still among the crowd.

Yet athwart the clamour
  Falls it, faint and sweet,
Like the softest harp-tone,
Passing every sharp tone
  Down the noisy street.

To the soul-recesses
  Cleaving then its way,
Waking hidden yearning,
Unwilled impulse turning
  To the Far Away.

Far away—and viewless,
  Yet not all unknown—
In the murmur tracing
Soft notes interlacing
  With familiar tone.

So we start and listen!
  While the murmur low
Falleth ever clearer,
Swelleth fuller, nearer
  In melodious flow.

Voice of many waters
From the height above
Hushing, luring slowly
With its influence holy,
With its song of love!

Following where it leadeth,
Pilgrim feet shall stand,
Where the holy millions
Throng the fair pavilions
In the Glorious Land.

Where the sevenfold "Worthy!"
Hails the King of kings,
Blent with golden clashing
Of the crowns, and flashing
Of cherubic wings;

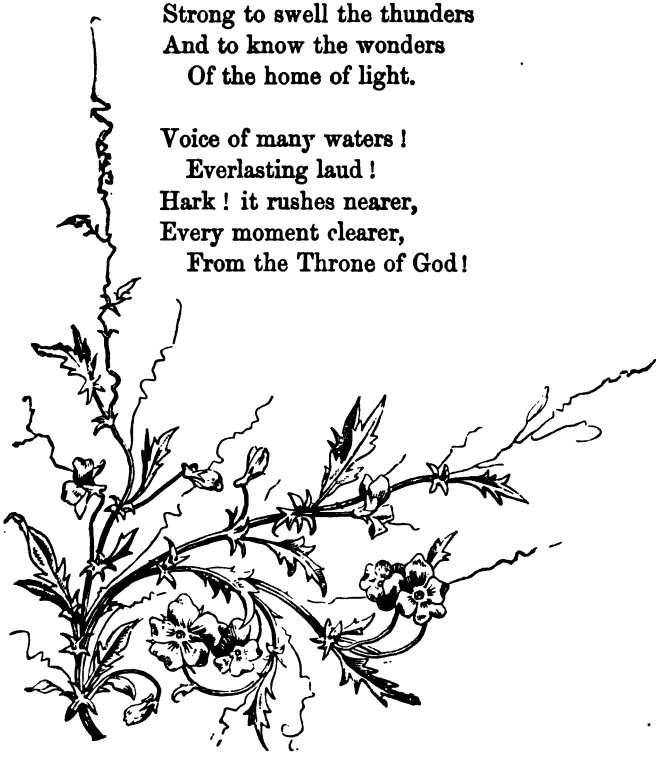
Rolls the Amen Chorus,
Old, yet ever new;
Seal of blest allegiance,
Pledge of bright obedience,
Seal that God is true.

Through the solemn glory
Alleluias rise,
Mightiest exultation,
Holiest adoration,
Infinite surprise.

There immortal powers
  Meet immortal song,
Heavenly image bearing,
Angel-essence sharing,
  Excellent and strong.

Strong to bear the glory
  And the veil-less sight,
Strong to swell the thunders
And to know the wonders
  Of the home of light.

Voice of many waters!
  Everlasting laud!
Hark! it rushes nearer,
Every moment clearer,
  From the Throne of God!



The Key Found.

THERE is a strange wild wail around, a wail of wild unrest,
A moaning in the music, with echoes unconfessed,
And a mocking twitter here and there, with small notes shrill and thin,
And deep, low, shuddering groans that rise from caves of gloom within.

And still the weird wail crosses the harmonies of God,
And still the wailers wander through His fair lands, rich and broad;
Grave thought-explorers swell the cry of doubt and nameless pain,
And careless feet, among the flowers, trip to the dismal strain.

They may wander as they will in the hopeless search for truth,
They may squander in the quest all the freshness of their youth,
They may wrestle with the nightmares of sin's unresting sleep,
They may cast a futile plummet in the heart's unfathomed deep.

But they wait and wail and wander in vain and still in vain,
Though they glory in the dimness and are proud of very pain;
For a life of Titan struggle is but one sublime mistake,
While the spell-dream is upon them, and they cannot, will not wake.

Awake, O thou that sleepest! The Deliverer is near!
Arise, go forth to meet Him! Bow down, for He is here!
Ye shall count your true existence from this first, blessèd tryst,
For He waiteth to reveal Himself, the Very God in Christ.

For the soul is never satisfied, the life is incomplete,
And the symphonies of sorrow find no cadence calm and sweet,
And the earth-lights never lead us beyond the shadows grim,
And the lone heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Him.

Do ye doubt our feeble witness? Though ye scorn us, come and see!
Come and hear Him for yourselves, and ye shall know that it is He!
Ye shall find in Him the Centre, the Very Truth and Life,
Resplendent resolution of the endless doubt and strife.

Ye shall find a perfect fitness with your highest, deepest thought,
In Him, the fair Ideal, that so long ye vainly sought,
In Him the grand Reality ye never found before,
In Him the Lord that ye must love, the God ye must adore.

Ye shall find in Him the filling of the "aching void" within;
In Him the instant antidote for anguish and for sin;
In Him the conscious meeting of the soul's unuttered need;
In Him the *All* that ye have sought, the goal of life indeed.

As the light is to the eye, with its sensitive array
Of delicate adjustments with their finely balanced play,
With its instinct of perception, and its craving for the light,
So is Jesus to the spirit, when He gives the inward sight.

As the full and clear translation of some characters of fate,
With their sibylline enfoldings, of dim mysterious weight,
And a haunting terror lest the real be darker than the guessed!
So is Jesus to the questions and enigmas of the breast.

As the key is to the lock, when it enters quick and true,
Fitting all the complex wards that are hidden from the view,

Moving all the secret springs that no other finds or moves,
So is Jesus to the soul, when His saving power He proves.

As the music to the ear, when the mightiest anthems roll,
With its corridors conveying every echo to the soul,
With its exquisite discernment of vibration and of tone,—
So is Jesus to the heart that is made for Him alone.

No need to prove the sunshine when the eye receives the light!
When the cipher is deciphered, we know the clue is right;
The key is known by fitting the strange intricate wards;
And the ears must own the music when they recognise the chords.

No need to prove a Saviour, when once the heart believes,
And the light of God's own glory in Jesus Christ receives!
No need for weary puzzle, with heart-lore strange and dim,
When we find our dark enigmas are simply solved in Him!

We cannot doubt our finding the very Key indeed,
When Jesus fills up every void, responds to every need,
When all the secrets of our hearts before Him are revealed,
And all the mystery of life, alone with Him, unsealed.

We cannot doubt, when once the ear of listening faith has heard,
With all-responsive thrill of love, the music of His word!
He gives the witness that excels all argument or sign,—
When we have heard it for ourselves we *know* it is Divine!

And then, oh, then the wail is stilled, the wandering is o'er,
The rest is gained, the certainty that never wavers more;
And then the full, unquivering praise arises glad and strong,
And life becomes the prelude of the everlasting song!

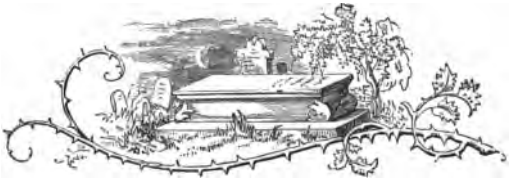
December 14th, 1878. (*Her last birthday.*)

An Interlude.

That part is finished! I lay down my pen,
And wonder if the thoughts will flow as fast
Through the more difficult defile. For the last
Was easy, and the channel deeper then.
My Master, I will trust Thee for the rest;
Give me just what Thou wilt, and that will be my best.

How can *I* tell the varied, hidden need
Of Thy dear children, all unknown to me,
Who at some future time may come and read
What I have written! All are known to Thee.
As Thou hast helped me, help me to the end;
Give me Thy own sweet messages of love to send.

So now, I pray Thee, keep my hand in Thine,
And guide it as Thou wilt. I do not ask
To understand the wherefore of each line;
Mine is the sweeter, easier, happier task
Just to look up to Thee for every word,
Rest in Thy love, and trust, and know that I am heard.



CHORDS
for
CHILDREN

HELGA VON CRAMM.

VINCENT BROOKS, DAY & SON, LITH.

ASTLEY CHURCH,

MALVERN HILL IN THE DISTANCE.

Sunday Bells.[1]

O SWEET Sabbath bells!
A message of musical chiming
Ye bring us from God, and we know what you say;
Now rising, now falling,
So tunefully calling
His children to seek Him, and praise Him to-day.

The day we love best!
The brightest and best of the seven,
The pearl of the week, and the light of our way;
We hold it a treasure,
And count it a pleasure,
To welcome its dawning and praise Him to-day.

O sweet Sabbath rest!
The gift of our Father in heaven;
A herald sent down from the home far away,
With peace for the weary,
And joy for the dreary;
Then, oh! let us thank Him, and praise Him to-day.

Rejoice and be glad!
'Tis the day of our Saviour and Brother,
The Life that is risen, the Truth and the Way;
Salvation He brought us,
When wand'ring He sought us,
With blood He hath bought us; then praise Him to-day!

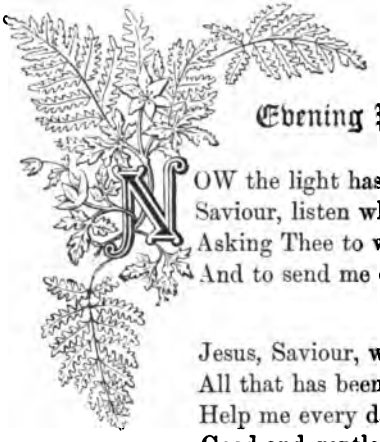
[1] From "Sacred Songs for Little Singers," Novello & Co.

Flowers.

BUDS and bells! Sweet April pleasures,
Springing all around,
White and gold and crimson treasures,
From the cold unlovely ground!
He who gave them grace and hue,
Made the little children too!

When the weary little flowers
Close their starry eyes,
By the dark and dewy hours,
Strength and freshness God supplies.
He who sends the gentle dew,
Cares for little children too.

Then He gives the pleasant weather,
Sunshine warm and free,
Making all things glad together,
Kind to them and kind to me.
Lovely flowers! He loveth you,
And the little children too!

Though we cannot hear you singing
Softly chiming lays,
Surely God can see you bringing
Silent songs of wordless praise!
Hears your anthem, sweet and true,
Hears the little children too.

Evening Prayer.

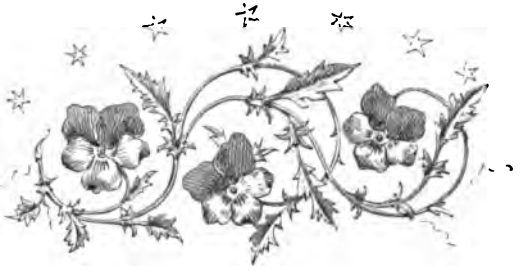
NOW the light has gone away,
Saviour, listen while I pray,
Asking Thee to watch and keep,
And to send me quiet sleep.

Jesus, Saviour, wash away
All that has been wrong to-day,
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle, more like Thee.

Let my near and dear ones be
Always near and dear to Thee;
Oh, bring me and all I love
To Thy happy home above.

Now my evening praise I give;
Thou didst die that I might live,
All my blessings come from Thee;
Oh, how good Thou art to me!

Thou, my best and kindest Friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end!
Let me love Thee more and more.
Always better than before!



Stars.

THE golden glow is paling
Between the cloudy bars;
I'm watching in the twilight
To see the little stars.
I wish that they would sing to-night
Their song of long ago;[1]
If we were only nearer them,
What might we hear and know!

Are they the eyes of Angels,
That always wake to keep
A loving watch above us,
While we are fast asleep?
Or are they lamps that God has lit
From His own glorious light,
To guide the little children's souls
Whom He will call to-night?

We hardly see them twinkle
In any summer night,
But in the winter evenings
They sparkle clear and bright.

[1] "When the morning stars sang together."—JOB XXXVIII. 7.

Is this to tell the little ones,
So hungry, cold, and sad,
That there's a shining home for them,
Where all is warm and glad?

More beautiful and glorious,
And never cold and far,
Is He who always loves them,
The Bright and Morning Star.
I wish those little children knew
That holy, happy light!
Lord Jesus, shine on them, I pray,
And make them glad to-night.

My Little Tree.

THEY tell me that my little tree
Is only just my age, but see,
Already ripe and rosy fruit
Is peeping under every shoot!
How little have I brought,
But withered leaves of foolish thought;
And angry words like thorn,
How many have I borne!

No fruit my little tree can bring,
Without the gentle rain of spring;
Nor could it ever ripen one,
Without the glowing summer sun;

O Father! shed on me
Thy Holy Spirit from above,
That I may bring to Thee
The golden fruit of love.

Let sunshine of Thy grace increase
The pleasant fruit of joy and peace,
With purple bloom of gentleness,
That most of all my home may bless;
While faith and goodness meet
In ruby ripeness rich and sweet;
Let these in me be found,
And evermore abound.

Thy Kingdom Come.

GOD of heaven! hear our singing;
Only little ones are we,
Yet a great petition bringing,
Father, now we come to Thee.

Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee,
Let the world in Thee find rest;
Let all know Thee, and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blessed!

Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above.

Father, send the glorious hour,
Every heart be Thine alone!
For the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory are Thine own.

The Moon.

"The moon walking in brightness."—Job xxxi. 26.

NOT long ago the moon was dark,
No light she gave or gained;
She did not look upon the sun,
So all her glory waned.
Now through the sky so broad and high,
In robe of shining whiteness,
Among the solemn stars of God,
She walks in brightness.

Look up to Him who is the Sun,
The True and Only Light,
And seek the glory of His face,
His smile so dear and bright.
Then making gladness all around,
By gentleness and rightness,
You, too, shall shine with light divine,
And walk in brightness.

Jessie's Friend.

LITTLE Jessie, darling pet,
Do you want a Friend?
One who never will forget,
Loving to the end;
One whom you can tell when sad
Everything that grieves;
One who loves to make you glad,
One who never leaves.

Such a loving Friend is ours,
Near us all the day,
Helping us in lesson hours,
Smiling on our play;
Keeping us from doing wrong,
Guarding everywhere,
Listening to each happy song
And each little prayer.

Jessie, if you only knew
What He is to me,
Surely you would seek Him too,
You would "come and see."
Come, and you will find it true,
Happy you will be;
Jesus says, and says to you,
"Come, oh come to Me."

The Bower.

WILL you come out and see
My pretty bower with me,
My sweet little house that lilac boughs have made;
With windows up on high,
Through which I see the sky,
And look up to Him who made the pleasant shade?

The sunbeams come and go
So brightly to and fro,
Like angels of light, too dazzling to be seen!
They weave a curtain fair
About my doorway there,
And paint all my walls with shining gold and green.

I have sweet music too,
And lovely songs for you,
To hear in my house among the lilac leaves;
For breezes softly play,
And robins sing all day;
I think this is praise that God on high receives.

Trust.

SADLY bend the flowers
In the heavy rain;
After beating showers,
Sunbeams come again.
Little birds are silent
All the dark night through;

When the morning dawneth,
Their songs are sweet and new.

When a sudden sorrow
Comes like cloud and night,
Wait for God's to-morrow;
All will then be bright.
Only wait and trust Him
Just a little while;
After evening tear-drops
Shall come the morning smile.

The Dying Sister.

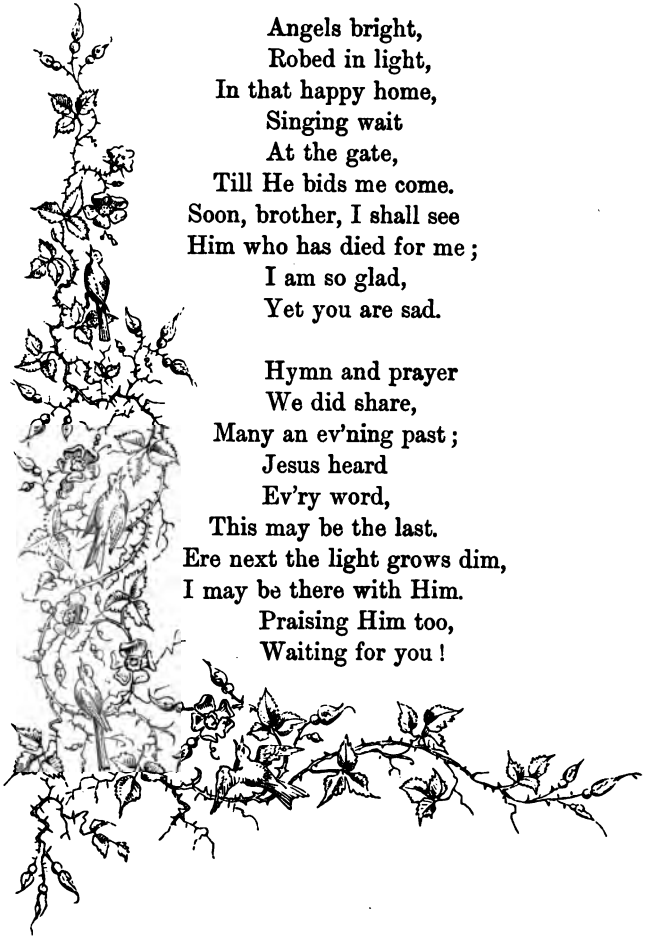
DARLING boy,
Sister's joy,
With your loving smile,
Kiss me now,
On my brow,
Stay with me awhile!
He who has lovèd me,
He whom I long to see,
Calls me away;
I must not stay.

He is near,
True and dear,
Darling, do not cry!
Jesus too
Loveth you,
Loves you more than I.

Kneel by my pillow here,
Tell Him the sorrow, dear;
He is so kind,
This you will find.

Angels bright,
Robed in light,
In that happy home,
Singing wait
At the gate,
Till He bids me come.
Soon, brother, I shall see
Him who has died for me;
I am so glad,
Yet you are sad.

Hymn and prayer
We did share,
Many an ev'ning past;
Jesus heard
Ev'ry word,
This may be the last.
Ere next the light grows dim,
I may be there with Him.
Praising Him too,
Waiting for you!



The Angels' Song.

Now let us sing the Angels' Song,
That rang so sweet and clear,
When heavenly light and music fell
On earthly eye and ear.
To Him we sing, our Saviour King,
Who always deigns to hear:
"Glory to God! and peace on earth."

He came to tell the Father's love,
His goodness, truth, and grace;
To show the brightness of His smile,
The glory of His face;
With His own light, so full and bright,
The shades of death to chase.
"Glory to God! and peace on earth."

He came to bring the weary ones
True peace and perfect rest;
To take away the guilt and sin
Which darkened and distressed;
That great and small might hear His call,
And all in Him be blessed.
"Glory to God! and peace on earth."

He came to bring a glorious gift,
"Goodwill to men;"—and why?
Because He loved us, Jesus came
For us to live and die.
Then, sweet and long, the Angels' Song
Again we raise on high:
"Glory to God! and peace on earth."

Who will take Care of Me?

WHO will take care of me? darling, you say!
Lovingly, tenderly watched as you are!
Listen! I give you the answer to-day,
ONE who is never forgetful or far!

He will take care of you! all through the day,
Jesus is near you to keep you from ill;
Walking or resting, at lessons or play,
Jesus is with you and watching you still.

He will take care of you! all through the night,
Jesus, the Shepherd, His little one keeps;
Darkness to Him is the same as the light;
He never slumbers and He never sleeps.

He will take care of you! all through the year,
Crowning each day with His kindness and love,
Sending you blessing and shielding from fear,
Leading you on to the bright home above.

He will take care of you! yes, to the end!
Nothing can alter His love to His own.
Darling, be glad that you have such a Friend,
He will not leave you one moment alone!

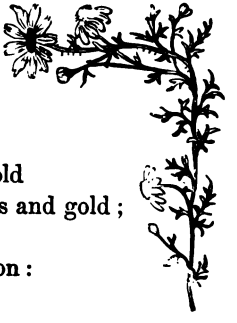
Love for Love.

1 John iv. 16.

Knowing that the God on high,
With a tender Father's grace,
Waits to hear your faintest cry,
Waits to show a Father's face,—
Stay and think!—oh, should not you
Love this gracious Father too?

Knowing Christ was crucified,
Knowing that He loves you now
Just as much as when He died
With the thorns upon His brow,—
Stay and think!—oh, should not you
Love this blessèd Saviour too?

Knowing that a Spirit strives
With your weary, wandering heart,
Who can change the restless lives,
Pure and perfect peace impart,—
Stay and think!—oh, should not you
Love this loving Spirit too?



Asking.

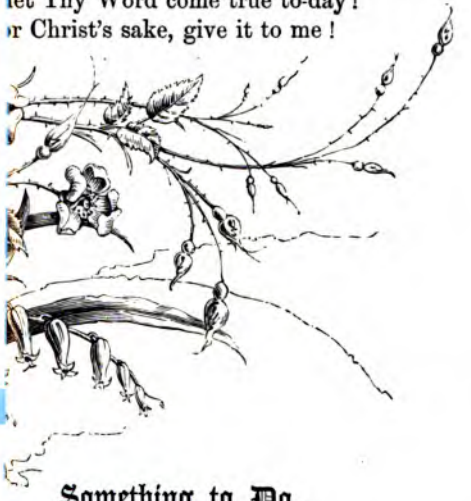
Luke xi. 13.

O Heavenly Father, Thou hast told
Of a Gift more precious than pearls and gold;
A Gift that is free to every one,
Through Jesus Christ, Thy only Son:
For His sake, give it to me.

Oh, give it to me! for Jesus said,
That a father giveth his children bread,
And how much more Thou wilt surely give
The Gift by which the dead shall live!
For Christ's sake, give it to me.

ıou hast said it, I must believe
only "ask" and I shall receive;
ıou hast said it, it must be true,
there's nothing else for me to do!
ır Christ's sake, give it to me.

come and ask, because my need
ry great and real indeed.
he strength of Thy Word I come and say,
let Thy Word come true to-day!
ır Christ's sake, give it to me!



Something to Do.

THING to do, mamma, something to do!"
ıo has not heard the cry?
mething to plan and something to try!

WORKS

BY THE REV.

ADOLPH SAPHIR, D.D.

—o—

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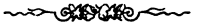
Something to do when the sky is blue,
And the sun is clear and high;
Something to do on a rainy day,
Tired of lessons or tired of play;
Something to do in the morning walk,
Better than merely to stroll and talk.
For the fidgety feet, oh, something to do,
For the mischievous fingers something too;
For the busy thought in the little brain,
For the longing love of the little heart,
Something easy, and nice, and plain;
Something in which they can all take part;
Something better than breakable toys,
Something for girls and something for boys!
I know, I know, and I'll tell you too,
Something for all of you now to do!



First, you must listen! Do you know
Where the poor sick children go?
Think of hundreds all together
In the pleasant summer weather,
Lying sadly day by day,
Having pain instead of play;
No dear mother sitting near,
No papa to kiss good-night;
Brothers, sisters, playmates dear,
All away and out of sight.
Little feet that cannot go
Where the pink-tipped daisies grow;
Little eyes that never see
Bud or blossom, bird or tree;
Little hands that folded lie
As the weary weeks go by.

What if you could send them flowers,
Brightening up the dismal hours?

Then the hospitals for others,
For the fathers and the mothers;
Where the weary sufferers lie,
  While the weeks go slowly past,
  Some with hope of cure at last,
Some to suffer till they die.
Now, while you are scampering free,
In your happy springtide glee,
They are lying sadly there,
Weak and sick—oh, don't you care?
Don't you want to cheer each one?
Don't you wish it could be done?

Then the poor old people too,
  In the dreary workhouse-room,
Nothing all day long to do,
  Nothing to light up the gloom!
Older, weaker, every day,
All their children gone away;
Nothing pleasant, nothing bright,
For the dimming, aching sight.
Would it not be nice to send
Nosegays by some loving friend?

Then if you could only see
  Where so many thousands live,
All in sin and misery,
Dirt and noise and poverty,
  What, oh, what would you not give,
Just some little thing to do
  That might do a little good!
Don't you want to help them too?
  I will tell you how you could!

Gather flowers for Jesus' sake,
For a loving hand to take
Into all those dreadful places,
Bringing smiles to haggard faces,
Bringing tears to hardened eyes;
Bringing back the memories
Of the home so long ago
Left for wickedness and woe,
Of the time, so far away,
When they learned to sing and pray.
Oh, you cannot guess the power
Of a little simple flower!

And yet the message they should bear,
Of God our Father's love and care,
Is never really read aright
Without the Holy Spirit's light;—
Without the voice of Jesus, heard
In His own sweet and mighty word.
And so we *never* send the flowers
With only messages of ours;
But every group of buds and bells
The story of salvation tells.
Let every little nosegay bring
Not only fragrance of the spring,
But sweeter fragrance of His Name,
  Who saves and pardons, soothes and heals,
The living Saviour, still the Same,
  Who every pain and sorrow feels.
The little texts are sweeter far
Than lily-bell or primrose star;
And He will help you just to choose
The very words that He will use.
Now will it not be real delight

To find them out and make a list
Of promise-words, so strong and bright,
So full of comfort and of light,
That all their meaning *can't* be missed?
Think how every one may be
God's own message from above
To some little girl or boy,
Changing sadness into joy,
Soothing some one's dreadful pain,
Making some one glad again,
With His comfort and His love!
Calling them to Jesus' feet,
Showing them what He has done!
Darlings, will it not be sweet
If He blesses only one!
Only *one?* Nay, ask Him still,
Ask Him *every one* to bless!
He can do it, and He will;
Do not let us ask Him less!

Now then, set to work at once,
If you're not a thorough dunce!
Cut the little holders squarely,
Keep the edges smooth and straight
Now the paint box: artists bold!
Paint the borders firm and fairly
With your prettiest red or gold!
Easy this, at any rate.
Now for writing—clearest, neatest,
(Or it may be gently hinted,
Better still if neatly printed.)
Tracing words the strongest, sweetest,—
Words that must and will avail,
Though the loveliest blossoms fail.

Then away, away, the first fine day!
Follow the breeze that is out at play,
Follow the bird and follow the bee,
Follow the butterfly flitting free,
For I think they know
Where the sweetest wildflowers grow;
Bluebells in the shady dingle,
Where the violet-odours mingle;
Where the fairy primrose lamp
Seems to light the hawthorn shade;
Orchis in the meadow damp,
Cowslip in the sunny glade.
(But not the pale anemone,
For that will fade so speedily.)
Hedge and coppice, lane and field,
Gather all the store they yield!
Buttercups and daisies too,
Though so little prized by you,
Will be gold and silver treasure,
In their power of giving pleasure,
To the poor in city alleys,
Far away from hills and valleys,
Who have never seen them grow
Since their childhood, long ago;
Or to children pale and small,
Who never saw them grow at all!
And don't forget the fair green leaves
That have their own sweet tales to tell,
And waving grass that humbly weaves
The emerald robe of bank and dell.

Is there some one at home who cannot go
To gather the flowers as they grow?
Then there is plenty for her to do
In making the nosegays up for you;

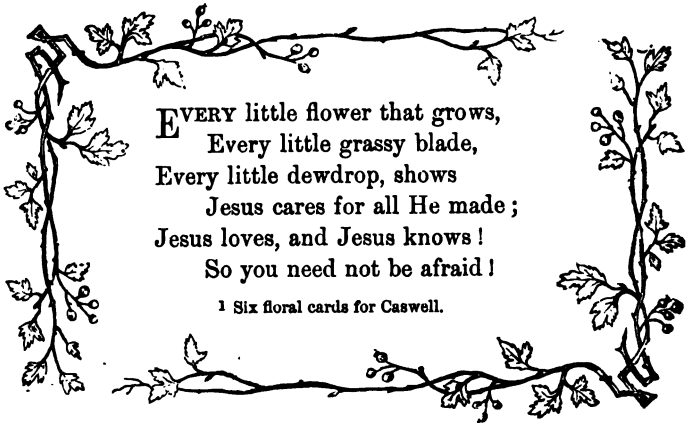
HELGA VON CRAMM. VINCENT BROOKS, DAY & SON, LITH.

"Of a starry primrose growing;
Or, a brooklet, swift and bright."

Getting them ready to travel away,
In time for the work of the coming day.

But oh, how busy you will be
  When the packing must be done!
Oh, the bustle and the glee,
  Will it not be famous fun?
And when the box is gone away,
  The pleasure need not all be past;
  I think it will not be the last!
Just set to work another day!
  And send some more
  From the beautiful store
Which God keeps sending you fresh and new,
  And thank Him too
That He has given you "SOMETHING TO DO!"

Loving Messages for the Little Ones.[1]



EVERY little flower that grows,
  Every little grassy blade,
Every little dewdrop, shows
  Jesus cares for all He made;
Jesus loves, and Jesus knows!
  So you need not be afraid!

[1] Six floral cards for Caswell.

FAIR the blossoms opening early!
For the dew
Fell upon them, cool and pearly,
Brightening every hue.
Like a little thirsty flower,
Lift your face,
Seek the gentle, holy shower
Of the Spirit's grace.

GRACE and glory! They are yours
Through the Saviour's dying love;
For His own sweet word endures
Longer than the stars above.
It shall never pass away,
So trust His living love to-day.

HAVE you not a song for Jesus?
All the little buds and flowers,
All the merry birds and breezes,
All the sunbeams and the showers,
Praise Him in their own sweet way!
What have you to sing to-day?
Bring your happiest songs, and sing
For your Saviour and your King.

KNOWING Christ was crucified,
Knowing that He loves you now
Just as much as when He died
With the thorns upon His brow,—
Stay and think! oh, should not you,
Love this blessèd Saviour too?

OPENING flowers I send to you
With a message sweet and true.
They may fade, but Jesus lives,
Peace and grace and joy He gives.
Come to Him and you will know
What He waiteth to bestow!

Auntie's Lessons.

THEY said their texts, and their hymns they sang,
On that sunny Sabbath-day;
And yet there was time ere the church-bell rang,
So I bid them trot away,
And leave me to rest and read alone,
Where the ash-tree's shade o'er the lawn was thrown.

But oh! 'twas a cry and a pleading sore,
"O Auntie! we will not tease,
But tell us one Sunday story more,

We will sit so still on the grassy floor;
Tell us the one you told before
Of little black Mumu, please,
Whom deaf and dumb, and sick and lone,
The good ship brought to Sierra Leone!"

Willie begged loud, and Francie low,
And Alice, who could resist her?
Certainly not myself, and so
The story was just beginning, when lo!
To the rescue came my sister:
"*I* will tell you a story to-day,
Aunt Fanny has all her own lessons to say!"

Wonderful notion, and not at all clear!
Alfred looked quite astounded.
Who in the world *my* lessons could hear?
They guessed at every one far and near;
'Twas a mystery unbounded.
They settled at last that it must be
Grandpapa Havergal over the sea.

Then merry eyes grew grave and wise,
On tiptoe Alice trod;
She had a better thought than they,
And whispered low,—"Does Auntie say
Her lessons all to God?"
How little the import deep she knew
Of those baby-words, so sweet and true!

Little she knew what they enfold!—
A treasure of happy thought;
A tiny casket of virgin gold,
With jewels of comfort fraught.—
Great men's wisdom may pass away,
Dear Alice's words in my heart will stay.

The Happiest Christmas Day.

SYBIL, my little one, come away,
I have a plan for Christmas Day:
Put on your hat, and trot with me,
A dear little suffering girl to see.

'Tis not very far, and there's plenty of time,
For the bells have not begun to chime;
So, Sybil, over the sparkling snow,
To dear little Lizzie let us go.

Dear little Lizzie is ill and weak,
Only just able to smile and speak.
Yesterday morning I stood by her bed;
Now, shall I tell you what she said?

"Christmas is coming to-morrow," said I.
"I shall be happy!" was Lizzie's reply;
"Happy, *so* happy!" I wish you had heard
How sweetly and joyously rang that word.

"Dear little Lizzie, lying in pain,
With never a hope to be better again,
Lying so lonely, what will you do?
Why will the day be so happy to you?"

Lizzie looked up with a smile as bright
As if she were full of some new delight;
And the sweet little lips just parted to say,
"I shall think of Jesus all Christmas Day!"

How would you like to take her the spray
Of red-berried holly I gave you to-day?

And what if we gave her the pretty wreath too
That Bertha has made with ivy and yew?

The green and the scarlet would brighten the gloom
Of dear little Lizzie's shady room;
And, Sybil, I know she would like us to sing
A Christmas song of the new-born King.

Sybil, my little one, if we do,
It will help us to "think of Jesus" too;
And Lizzie was right, for that is the way
To have the happiest Christmas Day.

Coming into the Shade.

OUT in the midsummer sunshine,
Out in the golden light,
Merrily helping the gardener,
Ever so busy and bright,—
With tiny barrow and rake and hoe,
Helena flitted to and fro.

But the midsummer sun rose higher
Over the flowery spot;
"I must rest a little now," she said,
"I am so tired and hot.
Oh, let me come to you, and look
At the pictures in your beautiful book."

Why we should leave the sunny lawn
She did not understand,
But cheerily, trustfully, Helena laid
In mine, her little brown hand,
And I led her away to a shady room,
To rest in the coolness and the gloom.

For she could not have seen the pictures
Out in that dazzling light;
The book was there with its colours fair,
But the sunshine was too bright.
But in the shade I could let her look
At the pictures in my beautiful book.

"I have never seen them before," she said,
"I am so glad I came!
And the gardener will manage the flowers, I think,
Without me, just the same!
And I need not trouble at all, you know,
About my barrow and rake and hoe."

So page after page was gently turned,
As I showed her one by one,
And told her what the pictures meant,
Till the beautiful book was done.
And *then*—I shall not soon forget
The loving kiss of my tiny pet.

And *now*—I shall not soon forget
The lesson she had taught,
How from the sunshine into the shade
God's little ones are brought,
That they may see what He could not show
Among the flowers in the summer glow.

UPTON BISHOP VICARAGE, *October* 19, 1875.

Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Now our praises hear,
For Thy grace and favour
Crowning all the year.

Jesus, holy Saviour,
Only Thou canst tell
How we often stumbled,
How we often fell!
All our sins (so many!),
Saviour, Thou dost know;
In Thy blood most precious,
Wash us white as snow.
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Keep us in Thy fear,
Let Thy grace and favour
Pardon all the year.

Jesus, loving Saviour,
Only Thou dost know
All that may befall us
As we onward go.
So we humbly pray Thee,
Take us by the hand,
Lead us ever upward
To the Better Land.
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Keep us ever near,
Let Thy grace and favour
Shield us all the year.

Jesus, precious Saviour,
Make us all Thine own,
Make us Thine for ever,
Make us Thine alone.
Let each day, each moment,
Of this glad New-year,
Be for Jesus only,
Jesus, Saviour dear.
Then, O blessèd Saviour,
Never need we fear,
For Thy grace and favour
Crown our bright New-year!

Begin at Once.

BAND OF HOPE SONG.

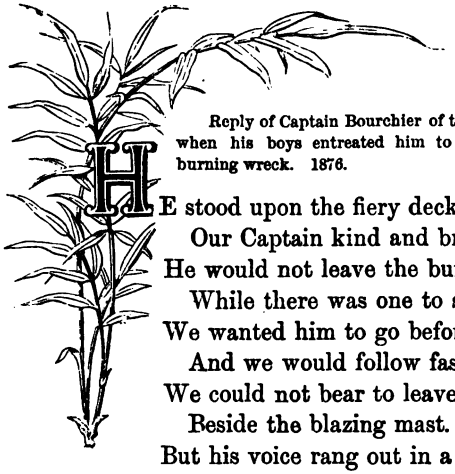
BEGIN at once! In the pleasant days,
While we are all together,
While we can join in prayer and praise,
While we can meet for healthful plays,
In the glow of summer weather.
Begin at once, with heart and hand,
And swell the ranks of our happy band.

Begin at once! For we do not know
What may befall to-morrow!
Many a tempter, many a foe
Lieth in wait where'er you go,
With the snare that leads to sorrow.
Begin at once! nor doubting stand,
But swell the ranks of our happy band.

Begin at once! There is much to do;
Oh, do not wait for others!
Join us to-day!—be brave and true;
Join us to-day!—there's room for you,
And a welcome from your brothers.
Begin at once! for the work is grand
That God has given to our happy band.

Begin at once! In the strength of God,
For that will never fail you!
Under His banner, bright and broad,
You shall be safe from fear and fraud,
And from all that can assail you.
Begin at once,—with resolute stand,
And swell the ranks of our happy band.

"That's not the Way at Sea."



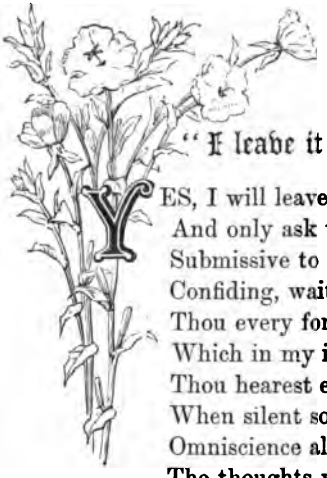
Reply of Captain Bourchier of the training-ship *Goliath*, when his boys entreated him to save himself from the burning wreck. 1876.

HE stood upon the fiery deck,
Our Captain kind and brave!
He would not leave the burning wreck,
While there was one to save.
We wanted him to go before,
And we would follow fast;
We could not bear to leave him there,
Beside the blazing mast.
But his voice rang out in a cheery shout,
And noble words spoke he,—
"That's not the way at sea, my boys,
That's not the way at sea!"

So each one did as he was bid,
And into the boats we passed,
While closer came the scorching flame,
And our Captain was the last.
Yet once again he dared his life,
One little lad to save;
Then we pulled to shore from the blaze and roar,
With our Captain kind and brave.
In the face of Death, with its fiery breath,
He had stood,—and so would we!
For that's the way at sea, my boys,
For that's the way at sea!

Now let the noble words resound,
And echo far and free,
Wherever English hearts are found,
On English shore or sea.
The iron nerve of duty, joined
With golden vein of love,
Can dare to do, and dare to wait,
With courage from above.
Our Captain's shout among the flames
A watchword long shall be,—
"That's not the way at sea, my boys,
That's not the way at sea!"

Music for this song, by F. R. H., published by Hutchings & Romer.

EARLY POEMS

"I leave it all with Thee."

YES, I will leave it all with Thee,
And only ask that I may be
Submissive to Thy loving will,
Confiding, waiting, trusting still.
Thou every fond desire dost know
Which in my inmost heart doth glow;
Thou hearest every secret sigh
When silent sorrow's power is nigh.
Omniscience alone may tell
The thoughts which in my spirit dwell;
But 'tis a soothing word to me,
"My Father every thought can see."
He knows them all—the hopes—the fears—
Confided not to mortal ears.
He knows the deep intensity
Of feelings wakened now in me.
And if He knows them, 'tis enough!
I need not fear a stern rebuff;
There's sympathy within His breast,
On which my weary heart can rest.
Nor is there sympathy alone,
Almighty is my Father's throne,
And He can grant me each desire;
His gracious hand may never tire.
He *can*. But *will* He? Trust Him yet,
My faithless soul! Can I forget

That He hath passed His word of old,—
"Not one good thing will He withhold
From them, the children of my love,
Whose hearts are set on things above"?
Not one good thing! But can I see
What may be good, what ill for me?
Can I unbar the massy gate
Which hides from me the way I take?
But His eye turneth night to day,
E'en like the lightning's piercing ray;
Then here is my security,
That God my truest good doth see.
That joy which earnestly I crave,
O'er which my fondest hopes now wave,
Might prove to me the shade of death!
That healing breeze—the Simoom's breath,
If so—it never will be mine.
At such a loss shall I repine?
No! let me rather praise the Hand
Which looseneth the dangerous band.
But if it be a heaven-born plant,
For whose sweet flowers my soul doth pant,
If heavenly gladness it shall bring,
And raise my soul on angel wing,
Till nearer Thee each day I live,—
Oh, then that blessing Thou wilt give.
The joy scarce hoped for shall be mine,
A deeply grateful heart be Thine!
Then I will leave it all with Thee!
My Father, grant that I may be
Submissive to Thine own good will,
Confiding, waiting, loving still!

1851.

On the Death of Captain Allan Gardiner,

THE FIRST MISSIONARY TO PATAGONIA.

In desolate wild grandeur all around,
Dark rocky spires are tow'ring to the sky,
While through the caverns echoes far the sound
Of winds, which o'er Antarctic seas sweep fitfully.

The ocean waves with deep and hollow tone
Combat the haughty cliffs in fierce affray,
Then back returning with a sullen moan,
Sink, till again they dash, their warrior spray.

No flowerets spring that barren land to cheer,
No waving trees salute that stormy sky
With graceful bend; scarce grass and herbs appear
Or aught of greenery to soothe the wearied eye.

O who in such a dreary clime could dwell?
Who would abide on such a desert shore?
Save the wild natives, who our sailors tell
No Saviour know, no Deity supreme adore.

But list awhile! Who breathed that deep-drawn sigh?
Whence came it? Hark again! A voice of prayer,
Mingled with heavenly praises, rose on high,
As with sweet incense hallowing the chilly air.

Alone, no earthly friend or brother near,
A human form lies on that bleak, bleak strand;
Sunken his eye, and wan his cheeks appear,
For famine pale has laid on him her withering hand.

Nor food nor water six long weary days
Have passed those pallid lips, yet not a plaint
From him may fall, but notes of joyful praise;
Sustained with bread of life his soul can never faint.

For Jesus whispers comfort to his soul,
And smooths his pillow, though so cold and hard;
He hears no wind, he sees no surges roll,
He only hears his Master, sees his bright reward.

Another sigh, his happy soul hath flown
From its frail dwelling, where so long it lay
Pinioned, his painful toils at length are done,
And angels welcome him to dwell in endless day.

Wherefore left he his lovely native isle?
Wherefore his life, his all thus sacrifice?
Did he for pleasure undertake such toil?
Was it for sordid gold, which men so highly prize?

No! higher motives filled that noble breast;
He sacrificed his all from Christian love,
He went to tell of peace and heavenly rest,
To teach those heathen of a gracious God above.

And shall we blame him, who devoted thus
To his great Master's name his freshest days?
Despise that bright example left to us,
And on his memory strive to cast a gloomy haze?

Shame, shame on those who dare aspersions fling
On Gardiner's honoured name! They know it's true
Right well he served his Saviour and his King;
And they who love the Master, love the servant too.

But now he rests in peace, his labours past;
Nothing can vex that noble spirit more,
For he hath gained his distant port at last,
The waves have only carried him to that blest shore.

No laurels bloomed on that pale dying brow,
No earthly honours clustered round that bed;
But victor-wreaths of life encircle now,
And a bright crown adorns, that mission martyr's head!

1852.

Matthew xiv. 23.

It is the quiet evening time, the sun is in the west,
And earth enrobed in purple glow awaits her nightly rest;
The shadows of the mountain peaks are lengthening o'er the sea,
And the flowerets close their eyelids on the shore of Galilee.
The multitude are gone away, their restless hum doth cease,
The birds have hushed their music, and all is calm and peace;
But on the lonely mountain side is One, whose beauteous brow
The impress bears of sorrow and of weariness e'en now.
The livelong day in deeds of love and power He hath spent,
And with them words of grace and life hath ever sweetly blent.
Now He hath gained the mountain top, He standeth all alone,
No mortal may be near Him in that hour of prayer unknown.
He prayeth. — But for whom? For Himself He needeth nought;
Nor strength, nor peace, nor pardon, where of sin there is no spot;
But 'tis for us in powerful prayer He spendeth all the night,
That His own loved ones may be kept and strengthened in the fight;
That they may all be sanctified, and perfect made in one;
That they His glory may behold where they shall need no sun;
That in eternal gladness they may be His glorious bride:
It is for this that He hath climbed the lonely mountain side.
It is for this that He denies His weary head the rest
Which e'en the foxes in their holes, and birds have in their nest.
The echo of that prayer hath died upon the rocky hill,
But on a higher, holier mount that Voice is pleading still;

For while one weary child of His yet wanders here below,
While yet one thirsting soul desires His peace and love to know,
And while one fainting spirit seeks His holiness to share,
The Saviour's loving heart shall pour a tide of mighty prayer;
Yes! till each ransomed one hath gained His home of joy and peace,
That fount of blessings all untold shall never, never cease.

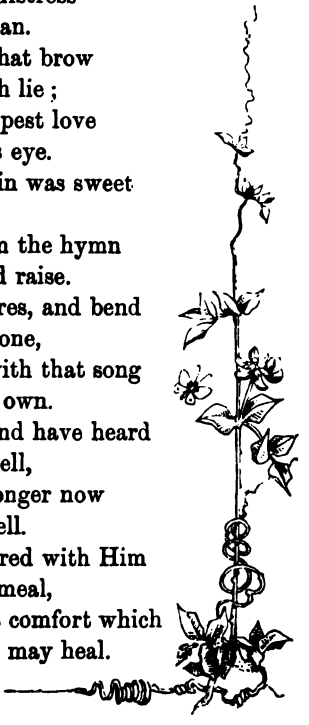
1854.

Matthew xxvi. 30.

"And when they had sung an hymn, they went out."

THE sun hath gilded Judah's hills
With his last gorgeous beam;
Ghost-like the still grey mists arise
From Jordan's sacred stream.
The stars, bright flowers of the sky,
Unfold their beauties now,
And gaze on Salem's marble fane,
By Olivet's dark brow.
In David's city sound is hushed
And tread of busy feet,
For solemnly his sons have met
The paschal lamb to eat.
But list! the silence of the hour
Is broken; the still air
A melody hath caught which far
Its viewless pinions bear.
Unwonted sweetness hath the strain,
And as its numbers flow,

More tender and more touching yet
  Its harmony doth grow.
Not royal David's tuneful harp
  Such thrilling power had known
To wake deep echoes in the soul,
  As its scarce earthly tone.
Within an "upper room" are met
  A small, yet faithful band,
On whom a deep yet chastened grief
  Hath laid its softening hand
Among them there is One who wears
  A more than mortal mien,
'Tis He on whom in all distress
  The weary one may lean.
Mysterious sadness, on that brow
  So pure and calm, doth lie;
And untold stores of deepest love
  Are beaming from His eye.
What wonder if the strain was sweet
  Above all other lays?
Seraphic well might seem the hymn
  Which Jesu's voice did raise.
The angels hush their lyres, and bend
  To hear the thrilling tone,
And heaven is silent,—with that song
  They mingle not their own.
The sorrowing ones around have heard
  Their blessèd Master tell,
That He with them no longer now
  As heretofore may dwell.
And they have sadly shared with Him
  The last, last evening meal,
And heard the last sweet comfort which
  Their mourning hearts may heal.



They do not know the fearful storm
Which on His head must burst;
They know not all—He hath not told
His loving ones the worst.
How could He? E'en an angel's mind
Could never comprehend
The weight of woe, 'neath which for us
The Saviour's head must bend;
Ere long the voice, which waketh now
Such touching melody,
Shall cry, "My God, My God, oh why
Hast Thou forsaken Me?"
The hour is come; but ere they meet
Its terrors,—yet once more
Their voices blend with His who sang
As none e'er sang before.
Why do they linger on that note?
Why thus the sound prolong?
Ah! 'twas the last! 'Tis ended now,
That strangely solemn song.
And forth they go:—the song is past;
But, like the rose-leaf, still,
Whose fragrance doth not die away,
Its soft low echoes thrill
Through many a soul, and there awake
New strains of glowing praise
To Him who, on that fateful eve,
That last sweet hymn did raise.

February 27th, 1855.

"Leaving us an Example that ye should follow His Steps."

O JESU, Thou didst leave Thy glorious home,
Of brightness more than mortal eye could bear,
And joys ineffable, alone to roam
Through earth's dark wilderness in grief and want and care.
Thou didst exchange the praise of seraph voices
For sin-made discords and the wail of pain,
The anthems swelling high where each in Thee rejoices,
For fierce revilings in the world where unbelief doth reign.
Yes, Thou didst leave Thy bliss-encircled dwelling,
Of joy and holiness and perfect love,
And camest to this world of sorrow, telling
Each weary one the way to realms of rest above.
Mark we Thy walk along the holy way,—
Each step is graven, that all the path may trace
Which leads where Thou art gone,—and never may
The powers of darkness one bright step erase!
And Thou hast left a solemn word behind Thee,
Solemn, yet fraught with blessing;—would we learn
How we may gain Thy dwelling, and there find Thee?
Thou sayest, "Follow Me." Be this our great concern.
And oh how blessèd thus to mark each hour
The footsteps of our Saviour, and to know
That in them we are treading,—then each flower
Of hope seems fairer, and each joy doth yet more brightly glow.
Oh that I always followed Him alone!
I know that I am His, for I have bowed

In peaceful faith before my Saviour's throne,
And gladly there to Him my life, my all, have vowed.
And He hath pardoned me, and washed away
Each stain of guilt, and bade me quickly rise
And follow Him each moment of each day;
And He hath set a crown of life and joy before mine eyes.
How can I turn aside and wound the love
That gave Himself to bleed and die for me!
How can I stray, and grieve the holy Dove
Who lights my soul, opening mine eyes to see!
O Saviour, fix my wayward, wandering heart
Upon Thyself, that I may closely cling
To Thy blest side, and never more depart
From Thee, my loved Redeemer, Thee, my heart's own King.
And grant me daily grace to follow Thee
Through joy and pleasure, or through grief and sadness,
Until an entrance is vouchsafed to me
In Thy bright home of holiness and gladness.

June 1855.

Our English Sabbaths.

O ENGLAND, thou art beautiful, and very dear to me,
And the spirit of thy noble sons is high and pure and free;
Full many a jewel sparkles clear in the crown upon thy brow,
But *one* is gleaming fairest in that glorious garland now.

It gleameth with a holy light, too pure for sinful earth,
In the twilight of this shadow-land it hath not had its birth;

'Tis polished by no mortal hand, its radiance is its own,
And it mingleth with the glory of the Father's dazzling throne.

Oh, gaze upon its beauty, reflecting yet the light
Of Eden's spotless, shadeless hours, in this our sin-made night;
Oh, gaze again, and thou shalt see, in that all-beauteous ray,
A gleam of that celestial morn which ne'er may fade away!

It is a gem of untold worth, it is a golden mine,
The pledge of an inheritance,—a gift of love Divine;
A monarch may not buy it,—oh, then let it not be sold!
Oh, England, dear old England, this, thy priceless treasure, hold!

Thy Sabbath is this treasure, a fount of ceaseless blessing,
And thou art rich and powerful, this glorious gift possessing;
Oh, heed not those who craftily would bid thee cast away!
The diamond hours of Sabbath rest, no pleasure can repay.

There is a cloud o'er other lands, though fair their mountains be,
And beautiful their sunny plains, re-echoing with glee;
But on our Sabbath-loving heart it casts a saddening gloom,
While the mirth of all their songs is as the music of the tomb.

They know no holy Sabbath rest; and yet, above, around,
The trees are waving solemnly with a deep and holy sound;
And the flowers smile to greet His day, and the streams more softly roll,
And all things speak of God to the silent listening soul.

They heed it not! with song and glee the hallowed hours are passed;
The blessings which the Sabbath brings, aside are lightly cast;
And 'neath the sparkling wavelets of unsanctified delight
Is a dark, deep stream of weary toil from morn to welcome night.

There are some who listen eagerly while told of Sabbath rest,
As a thirsting desert pilgrim hears of Araby the blest;
'Mid their changeless seven days' labour they drop a hopeless tear,
"Oh, would to God that we might have an English Sabbath here!"

Sad is their lot! but there are those within our own dear land
Who would forge for us such fetters, and burst our golden band,
Who sin in deeper bondage yet, while striving to be free,
And know not that our Father's law is truest Liberty!

1857.

Forest Voices.

THE forest hath its voices,
Whose sweetness aye rejoices,
Or soothes the spirit wondrously;
Borne on their leafy wings,
They tell of quiet things
And mingle in strange harmony.

There is a murmuring song,
A cadence soft and long,
Evoking dreams of still delight;
There is a clarion note,
Whose blithesome echoes float,
Chasing the darkling spells of grief and night.

There is a whispering sound
Within the forest-bound,
Telling the heart of things unseen;

That nameless holy thrill
Passeth o'er vale and hill
And through the dark and lone ravine.

It is a harp sublime
With ever-varying chime,
Awakening feelings ever new;
For, tuned by Him who made
The all-harmonious shade,
Each forest-voice is sweet and true.

1855.

The Shower.

IN every budding leaf and flower,
The sweet, soft rain of spring
Comes down in a soft and gentle shower,
Like a whispering angel-wing.

The shower hath bow'd the proud red rose
With many a fragrant tear,
It hath wakened the harebell's long repose,
The wanderer now to cheer.

It hath given the woodbine strength to cling
To the strong elm's rugged bough;
And the wakeful pimpernel folds its wing,
And quietly slumbers now.

It hath watered the seeds in their cold dark bed,
And they burst through the prisoning clay.
To the lingering buds it hath gently said,
"Unfold to the bright sun-ray."

Among the leaves of the forest-tree
Its gentle footsteps go,
And they murmur thanks so pleasantly
In an anthem soft and low.

Showers there are for the thirsty soul,
A sweet and refreshing dew,
The Spirit who makes the wounded whole,
And the evil heart makes new.

He will teach the trembling one to cling
To an Arm of love and might;
And the earth-stained soul 'neath His holy wing
Shall again be pure and white.

The weary heart with its wild unrest
He can hush to a trustful calm;
To the spirit crushed and sorely pressed
He comes with His healing balm.

He comes to the soul in its sin-wrought tomb,
And rent are the chains of death,
Then His own sweet graces awake and bloom
Beneath His living breath.

Yes! the Spirit shall teach the heart to sing,
And shall tune its long silent lyre,
And He who shall meeten it praise to bring
In the sinless, white-robed choir.

Come then, O Spirit, as once of yore,
Come in Thy quickening might!
Come, on Thy waiting Church to pour
Thy life, Thy grace, Thy light.

1857.

M. L. C.'s Birthday Crown.

ONLY just a line to say,
Miriam, on this summer day,
What my spirit's love would breathe,
While thy birthday crown I wreathe.

Crown! How many a mingled thought
By that little word is brought!
Yet may each enlinkèd be
In a birthday wish for thee.

One who wears a crown should reign
Sovereign, over some domain;
Held by thee, love's fairy sway
Still may every heart obey.

First we think of royal gems,
Coronets and diadems;
'Twere an idle wish, I ween,
Be thou happy as a Queen!

To another crown we turn,
While our loving hearts would burn,
Worn by Him who on the tree,
Miriam, hath died for thee.

By that thorn-enwoven crown,
By the life for thee laid down,
May thy every fleeting year
Bring thee to His love more near!

Then the crown of golden light,
Worn by those who walk in white,
May that be thy blest reward
In the presence of thy Lord!

July 11, 1859.

To John Henry C—— on his Third Birthday.

BLESSINGS on thee, darling boy,
Peace and love and gentle joy!
May the coronal they twine
Through the dream of life be thine!

Little hast thou known of life,
Of its sorrow, of its strife,
Thine not yet dark Future's blast,
Thine not yet a shadowy Past.

While we reck of coming years,
Strangely mingling hopes and fears,
What are sober thoughts to thee,
In the tide of birthday glee!

Thou art beautiful and bright,
Daily wakening new delight,

Would that we the prize could hold,
Always keep thee three years old!

No, not always; thou may'st be
Something brighter yet to see,
Noble-hearted, lofty-souled,
When more years have o'er thee rolled.

Love is watching round thee now,
Tracing sunbeams on thy brow;
Never be her mission done
To thy father's only son!

Yet a higher, deeper love
Watcheth o'er thee from above;
Then thy fount of motive be
Love to Him who loveth thee.

Darling, may thy years below
Like a strain of music flow,
Ever sweeter, purer, higher,
Till it swell the angel choir.

Be thy life a star of light,
Glistening through earth's stormy night,
Shining then with glorious ray
Through the One Eternal Day.

November 27th, 1858.

"Pray for Me."

WHEN the early morn awaketh,
Veiled in mist or robed in fire;
When the evening ray forsaketh
Golden cloud and gleaming spire;
Thy request shall sacred be
In the shrine of memory,
And for thee my prayer shall rise
Far beyond the silent skies.

When the Sabbath calm is sleeping
Like a moonbeam everywhere;
When the solemn feast-day keeping,
Upward float our praise and prayer;
When in holy love and fear
To our Father we draw near,
Many a wingèd hope for thee
To His ear shall wafted be.

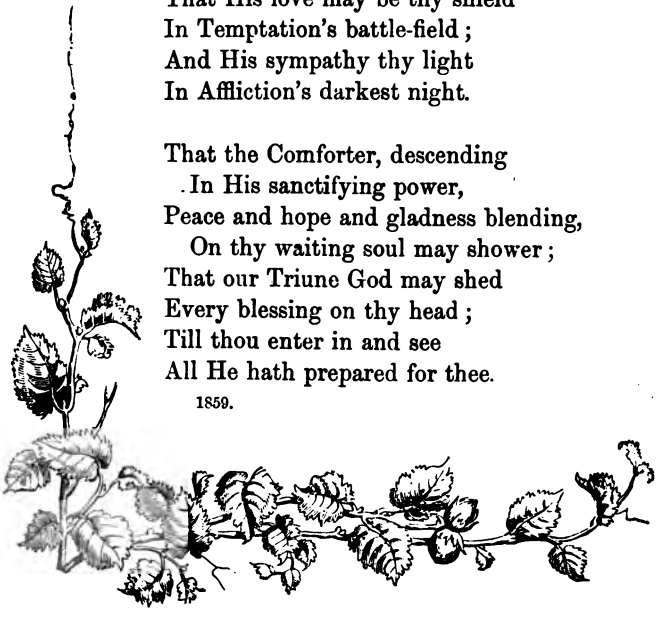
When we hear the loud thought-chorus,
While the Old Year's knell is tolled,
When the Future looms before us,
And the Past seems all unrolled,
When each moment fleeteth by,
Like a deep mysterious sigh;
Then, oh then, my heart shall be
Lifted earnestly for thee.

Lifted—that our God may lead thee
  All the way that thou shouldst go,
With His daily manna feed thee,
  Every needful good bestow;
That the dearest ones to thee
Near and dear to Him may be;
That His smile on thee may rest,
In His presence calmly blest.

Lifted—that our holy Saviour
  More and more to thee may show
All the wondrous grace and favour
  He hath suffered to bestow;
That His love may be thy shield
In Temptation's battle-field;
And His sympathy thy light
In Affliction's darkest night.

That the Comforter, descending
  In His sanctifying power,
Peace and hope and gladness blending,
  On thy waiting soul may shower;
That our Triune God may shed
Every blessing on thy head;
Till thou enter in and see
All He hath prepared for thee.

1859.



For E. C.'s Birthday.

MY presence shall go with thee,
And I will give thee rest;
A promise sweetly tender,
Soothing the anxious breast.

He knows the lonely spirit,
And all its hidden woe;
He knows the weary yearnings
No earthly friend can know.

His presence shall go with thee,
And His upholding hand
Thy orphaned footsteps guiding
All through the stranger's land.

Encompassed by that Presence
Thou wilt not be alone,
And thou may'st safely rest thee
'Neath the shadow of His throne.

When springtime's emerald glory
Bids hill and valley smile,
And thou once more regainest
The white cliffs of our isle:

Shall I not hear thee whisper,
In accents calmly blest?
"His presence *hath* been with me,
And He *hath* given me rest!"

February 1863.

"Coming of Age."

(J. H. S.)

WHAT do we seek for him to-day, who, through such golden gates
Of mirth and gladness, enters now where life before him waits?
'Mid light and flowers the feast is spread, and young and old rejoice,
And motto texts speak out for all, with earnest, loving voice.

The threefold blessing Israel heard three thousand years ago,
Oh! grant it may on him to-day in power and fulness flow;
For, faithful and unchangeable, each word of God is sure,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away, His promises endure

The Angel of the Covenant, redeeming from all ill
Both son and father, bless the lad, and every prayer fulfil;
Nor only bless, but make him, too, a blessing, Lord, from Thee:
With length of days, O satisfy; let him Thy glory see.

Through all the journey of his life, Thy presence with him go;
Rest *in* Thee here, and *with* Thee there, do Thou, O Lord, bestow.
Oh, keep him faithful unto death, then grant to him, we pray,
The crown of glory and of life, that fadeth not away.

FELIX VON KAMM. VINCENT BROOKS, DAY & SON, LITH.

EVELYN.

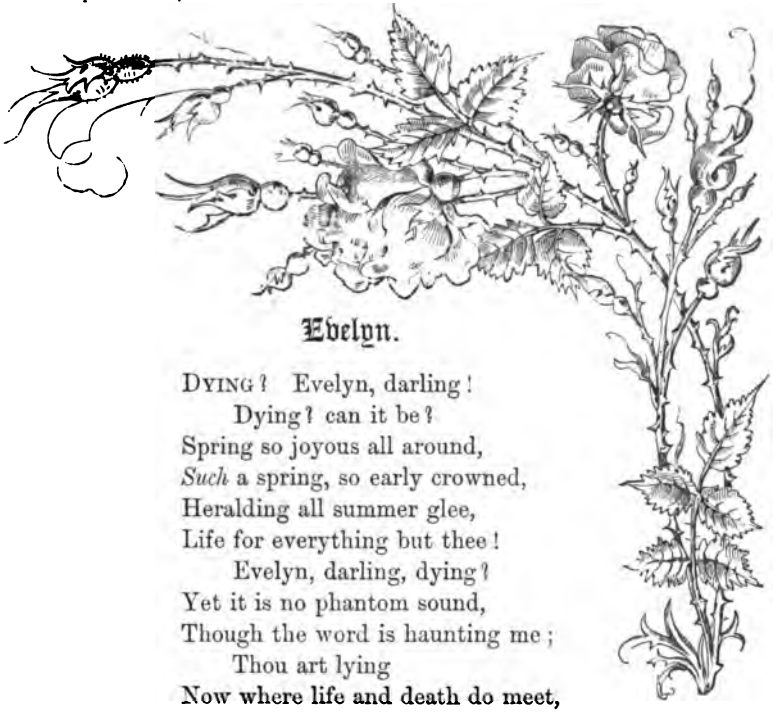
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCIS EARL.

Worcester, 1867.

So shall the father's soul be glad for him he holds so dear,
A son whose heart is truly wise in God's most holy fear;
And hallowed be our festal joy with gratitude and praise;
Forget not all His benefits, whose kindness crowns our days.

Then glory in the highest be to Him, our Strength and Song;
May every heart uplift its part, in blessings deep and long.
Through Him who died that we might live, our thanks to God ascend,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords, our Saviour and our Friend.

September 26th, 1865.



Evelyn.

DYING? Evelyn, darling!
Dying? can it be?
Spring so joyous all around,
Such a spring, so early crowned,
Heralding all summer glee,
Life for everything but thee!
Evelyn, darling, dying?
Yet it is no phantom sound,
Though the word is haunting me;
Thou art lying
Now where life and death do meet,
Thorny path and golden street.

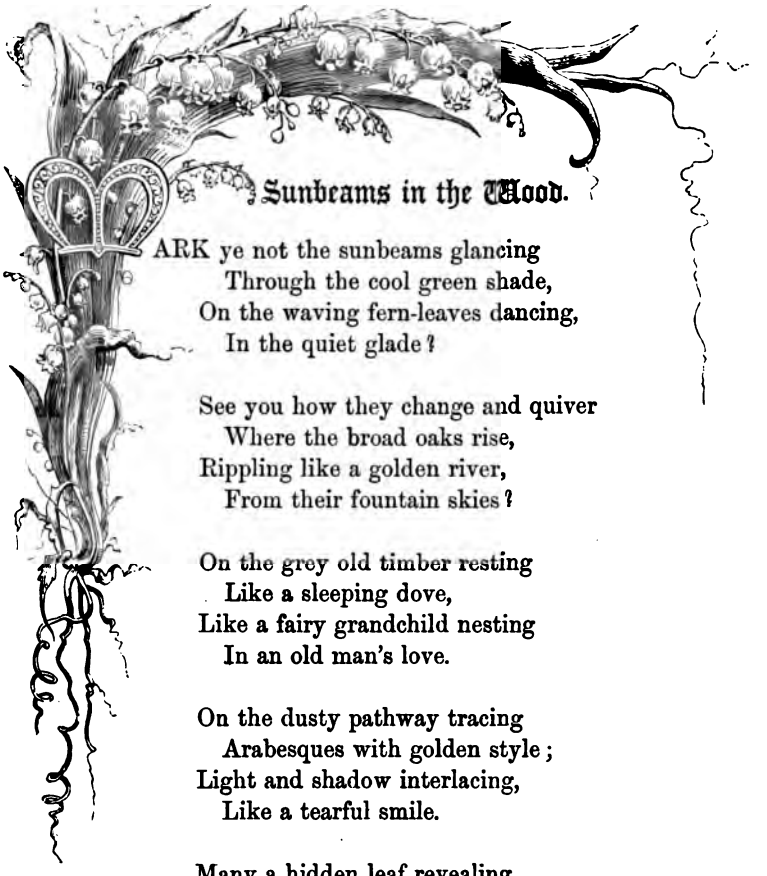
The earthly hope for ever crushed,
The heavenly *answered*, not in part,
But fully, perfectly! I prayed
For life, and He hath given the life
Which triumphs o'er the grave's cold shade;
For peace, and He hath ended strife
And spoken love. There have been tears
And earnest pleadings through long years;
But He is faithful to His word,
I *know* at last that He has heard.
But not, oh not as I had thought
In ignorant and selfish love,
The Master calls,—she tarries not,
For He hath need of her above.
The lambs He gathers with His arm,
No grief, no sin, no death can harm,
So safely folded on His breast,
For ever and for ever blest.
Could God Himself give more? His will
Is best, though we are weeping still.

Yet the old cry comes again,
Evelyn, darling, dying!
Is it true, or is it dreaming?
Is it only ghastly seeming
Of a sorrow far away,
Not to fall for many a day?
If I saw thee lying,
I might realize it so!
Last I saw thee in the glow
Of thy brightest health and bloom;
Was it only for the tomb?
Then the sorrow grows with this—
Not a word of fond good-bye,

Not one tender parting kiss,
Not one glance of loving eye!
Well, I know it could not be!
God's appointed way for me
Was assuredly—"Be still,
Wait in silence for His will."
Father, I have said Amen,
Said it often, now again!
Father, strengthen it and seal!
Let my weary spirit feel
I am very near to Thee,
For Thy hand is laid on me—
Though the shadows gather deep,
Thou canst calm and aid and keep.

Father, where the shadows fall
Deeper yet, deepest of all,
Send Thy peace, and show Thy power
In affliction's direst hour;
To each mourning heart draw near,
Soothe and bless, sustain and cheer.
Thou *wilt* hear, I know not *how!*
Thou canst help, "and only Thou."
This my prayer I leave with Thee.
Father! hear and answer me
For the sake of Him who knows
All our love and all our woes.

April 6th, 1868.



Sunbeams in the Wood.

HARK ye not the sunbeams glancing
Through the cool green shade,
On the waving fern-leaves dancing,
In the quiet glade?

See you how they change and quiver
Where the broad oaks rise,
Rippling like a golden river,
From their fountain skies?

On the grey old timber resting
Like a sleeping dove,
Like a fairy grandchild nesting
In an old man's love.

On the dusty pathway tracing
Arabesques with golden style;
Light and shadow interlacing,
Like a tearful smile.

Many a hidden leaf revealing,
Many an unseen flower;
Like a maiden lightly stealing
Past each secret bower.

Oh! how beautiful they make it
Everywhere they fall;

Sunbeams! why will ye forsake it
At pale Evening's call?

In the arching thickets linger.
In the woodland aisle,
Gilding them with trembling finger
Yet a little while.

Then, your last calm radiance pouring,
Bid the earth good-night;
Like a sainted spirit soaring
To a home of light.

Constance de V—.

An episode in the early life of Charles Maurice, Prince de Talleyrand.

YE maidens of Old England!
The joyous and the free,
The loving and the loved of all,
Wherever ye may be;
Who wander through the ferny dell,
And o'er the breezy hill,
And glide along the woodland path
All at your own sweet will;
Who know the many joys of home,
The song, the smile, the mirth,
The happy things which God has given
To brighten this our earth:
Comes there a sigh, a longing thought,
In lonely musing hours?

Deem ye there is a fairer realm,
A purer faith than ours?
O cast away the yearning dream,
And listen, while I tell
Of one who knew no other home
Than her own convent cell.

I.

The rain comes down relentlessly,
The sky is robed in grey,
Oh, Paris is a dreary place
On such a dreary day!
But dreariest of the darkening streets,
Where the loud rain doth fall,
Is that where looms the convent tower,
Where frowns the convent wall.

II.

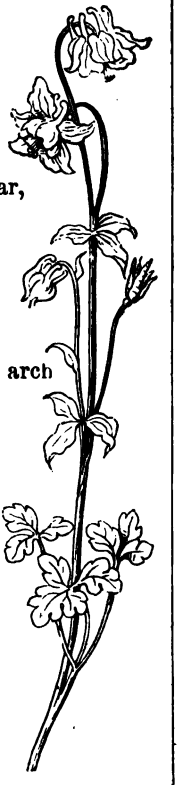
A boyish step is passing
Beneath the dripping eaves,
With monkish lore beladen,
With musty Latin leaves.
Ah, Charles Maurice, the young abbé,
Thou art of princely birth!
For thee shall dawn a brighter day,
A strange high part be thine to play,
With wondrous tact to guide and sway
The great ones of the earth!

III.

But the still-increasing torrents
  Will spoil the ancient tomes,
And woe betide Charles Maurice
  From the wrath of cowlèd gnomes!
So he seeks a low-bent archway
  Within the grim old wall,
Where never the laughing footstep
  Of a sunbeam dares to fall.

IV.

Anon he wraps the volumes
  In the folds of his hooded gown;
Then starts to hear, though he knows no fear,
A sound which tells him life is near—
  That he is not alone.
He turns—the passage is dark as night,
  He listens—but all is still,
Save the raindrops in monotonous march,
And the ceaseless drip from the mouldering arch
  On the stone so damp and chill.



V.

"*Qui vive?*" he cries right gaily,
  Through the cavernous entry's gloom;
But a low, faint cry is the sole reply,
As the voice of one who is come to lie
  On the brink of a yawning tomb.
Oh, where is the true-hearted lad,
  Who at the call of sorrow
But in his thoughtlessness is glad
To help the weak and cheer the sad,
  And promise a brighter morrow?

VI.

The cry was one of weakness—
  Of weariness unblest;
And a pulse of gentle sympathy
  Makes music in his breast.
Through the dark way he gropeth
  To the iron-studded door,
Behind whose oaken grimness
  Some dwell in cloistral dimness
Who may pass out no more.

VII.

There, in the glimmering darkness,
  He deems he can descry
A small and sable-robèd form
  On the cold doorstep lie.
The form is that of maidenhood;
  And in that boyish heart,
It wakes a helpful tenderness,
Like that which, hidden, yet doth bless
Through a loved brother's fond caress,
  Ere childhood's hours depart.

VIII.

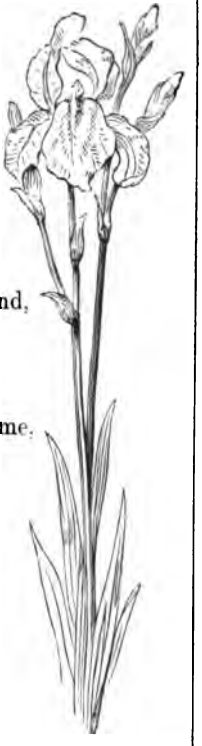
"What is it?" said Charles Maurice,
  In a softly-pitying tone!
"What dost thou fear? why art thou here?
  And why that weary moan?"
Then, lifting her with gentle arm,
  He bore her where the light
Fell on a girlish face so fair,
It seemed a seraph light to wear,
But for the sorrow mantling there,
  And the glance of wild affright.

IX.

Why should I paint her beauty?
  Have ye not often tried
To tell of rosy lip and cheek,
Of starlit eyes that shine and speak,
Of cloudlike locks that vainly seek
  The snowy brow to hide?
And feel ye not, when all is said
  That words can ever say,
The fount of beauty still is sealed—
The loveliness is not revealed
  To those who list the lay.

X.

Oh, words can never satisfy—
  They are too hard and real;
The subtle charm they cannot show
By which the Beautiful we know,
  The Beautiful we feel.
Perchance they speak the form, the mind,
  And draw the likeness well;
But at the closèd entrance gate
All reverently they bend and wait
  Where, 'neath the marble-arching dome,
In crystal-windowed palace-home,
  The soul itself doth dwell.



XI.

And who may tell how lovely
  The gentle Constance seemed,
When through such clouds of sorrow
  Her meteor beauty gleamed!

What wonder that all speechless,
As in a trance of gladness,
The young abbé stood wonderingly
Before such radiant sadness?

XII.

For the look of hopeless terror
Was softened as she raised
Those orbs of strange, quick brightness,
And on Charles Maurice gazed.
She saw the pledge of kindness
Traced on that high fair brow;
"Oh, no! thou never wilt betray,
But aid thou canst not; say, oh, say,
Am I not lost? There is no way
Of safe return, I know."

XIII.

Then the trembling hands she folded
Over the burning cheek,
A wild and woe-born sobbing
Forbade the lips to speak;
Till quiet words of sympathy,
So softly breathed and low,
And the touch of that young hand on hers,
Soon bade her story flow.

XIV.

"I was a very little child,
Not old enough to know,
Perhaps kind looks had on me smiled,
But I forget them now,
When I was brought to live so coldly here,
Where all goes on the same through weary month and year.

XV.

"I did not know how lovely all
The world without must be;
The sunbeams on the convent wall
Were quite enough for me;
But others came who knew, and then they told
Of all that I had dreamt, but never might behold.

XVI.

"They told me of the mountains tall,
Where they might freely roam;
They told me of the waterfall,
With music in its foam;
They told me of wide fields and opening flowers,
Of sloping mossy banks and glowing autumn bowers.

XVII.

"Of other things they told me, too,
More beautiful to them,
Of gleaming halls where sparklets flew
From many a radiant gem;
And then they told of mirth, and dance, and song.
Would I had never heard, that I might never long!

XVIII.

"They said the sky was just as blue
Above the convent towers,
As where the arching forests threw
A shade o'er summer flowers;
But I grew weary of that dazzling sky,
And longed to wander forth, e'en if it were to die.

XIX.

"I did not want to change my lot,
I knew it might not be;
I only longed to have one spot
All bright with memory.
To gaze just once upon the world I tried,
And then I would return to be Heaven's lonely bride.

XX.

"But, oh, I heard no sounds of mirth,
No beauty I could see;
I could not find the lovely earth,
It was not made for me.
And now my punishment indeed is sore,
My only home hath closed on me its iron door."

XXI.

Yes! in her fevered restlessness
She left her unwatched cell,
When all around were summoned
By the deep-voiced matin-bell.
And in the damp-stoned cloisters
To rest awhile she thought,
Where cold, fresh air might round her play,
The burning fever pass away,
And coolness of the early day
To her hot brow be brought.

XXII.

Strange carelessness! no massy bar
Across the gate was thrown!

She deemed that world of beauty near;
She gazed around in haste and fear,
Oh, none were there to see and hear—
  The timid bird has flown!
But the rain came down relentlessly,
  The sky was robed in grey;
All dreary seemed the narrow street,
And nothing bright or fair might meet
Her of the white and trembling feet;
No loveliness is there to greet
  That wandering star to-day.

XXIII.

Then, bowed with shame and weakness,
  And disappointed hope,
She only reached the heavy door
To find it firmly closed once more;
Ah, who shall help, and who restore,
  And who that door shall ope?
The strong young arm of Charles Maurice
  Tries once and yet again,
But the weighty portal baffles him:
  Ah! is it all in vain?

XXIV.

But Constance darts one upward glance
  Of blent despair and trust;
There is no bolt, for daylight gleams
Between the scarcely-meeting beams:
Some unknown obstacle there seems,
  And conquer it he must.
He strains his utmost strength, the sweat
  Is beading on his brow;
It creaks—it yields! O Constance, smile,
  The door is open now!

XXV.

From her cheek the flush hath faded,
As fades the evening glow,
In pristine whiteness leaving
The rosy Alpine snow.
And like a breeze of twilight
The aspen-leaves among,
A whisper falls upon his ear
From quivering lip and tongue:

XXVI.

"Farewell! Oh, thou hast saved me!"
And the hand so white and cold,
With lingering clasp of gratitude,
Her wordless thanks hath told.
One moment on that small, fair hand
His youthful lips are pressed;
There is a reverence in his eye,
For grief and beauty both are nigh;
She passes like a spirit by,
To seek her cheerless rest.

XXVII.

They are parted, like the dewdrops
That linger in the smile
Of a storm-begotten rainbow,
But for a little while:
Then one in lonely dimness
To earth may soon descend;
And one with the bright sky above,
Though all unseen, may blend.

XXVIII.

The young abbé hath paused in vain
To hear her footstep pass;
'Twas lighter than the noiseless fall
Of rose-leaf on the grass.
No sound is heard but the pattering rain,
And he slowly turns away,
With the brown old books beneath his gown,
To meet his abbot's gathering frown
For loitering on the way.

XXIX.

Think you he conned the loveless lore
Without a thoughtful sigh
For the loveliness in sorrow,
Which passed so trance-like by?
Among the missal borders
Was no such angel-face;
And such, once seen, fade not away;
Their image shines without decay,
When on the canvas of the heart,
With untaught skill, yet mystic art,
Each line of light we trace.

XXX.

The wing of Time seems broken now,
So tardy is his flight;
He deems by day that she is dead,
He dreams she lives, by night.
Till quick anxiety hath found
A messenger to bear
The tidings that he strove to frame,
From woven hope and fear.

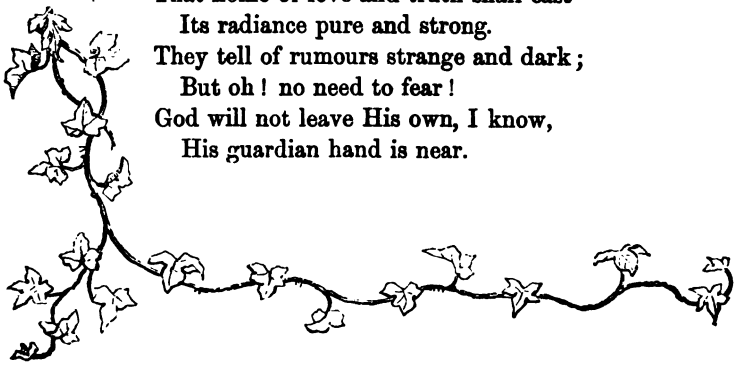
Rise, mountain-like, before, behind,
  Between me and their smile.
Oh that the love I bear them
  Might blossom into skill
To comfort and to brighten,
  And all with gladness fill!
Ah! helpless love! Yet 'tis a joy
  To turn each wish to prayer,
And, where each loved one sojourneth,
  To know that God is there.

The nearest and the dearest
  Are where the rushing Rhine
Bends northwards from the Drachenfels,
  From castle, rock, and vine;
Where long-lined chestnut shadows
  Make tracery below,
And the moss-framed window challenges
  The might of frost and snow.
Lit rather by the dawn of heaven
  Than earthly sunset glow,
That passing home of faith and prayer!
  Oh, God is there, I know!

From thence the wing of loving thought
  Speeds on where Severn flows,
And hovers o'er as fair a scene
  As our fair England knows;
The home of summer roses,
  Of winter mirth and glee,
Long may that home unbroken,
  That mirth unsilenced be!
The blessings of unbounded grace
  I pray Him to bestow,

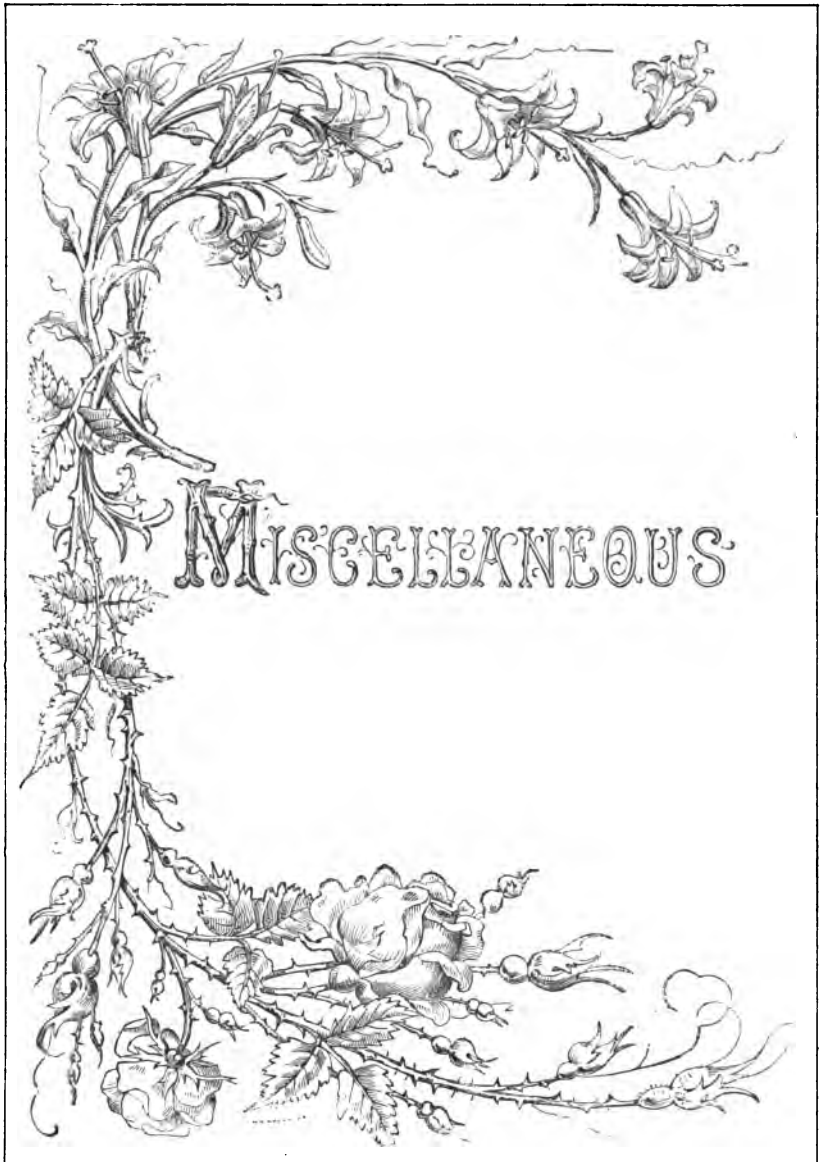
And trust Him for the coming years,
For He is there, I know.

Now westward sweeps the vision
Across the Irish Sea,
And echoes low of sister's love
Come back again to me.
A beacon bright in stormy night
Of error, rage, and wrong,
That home of love and truth shall cast
Its radiance pure and strong.
They tell of rumours strange and dark;
But oh! no need to fear!
God will not leave His own, I know,
His guardian hand is near.



Another scene by gentle Ouse
Must aye be dear to me,
Though all are not together now,
And one is on the sea.
And where a grey cathedral tower
Uprises broad and high,
A home is made in cloistral shade,
Beside the winding Wye.
To seek the richest boons for these,
Why should the heart be slow?
One Shepherd, Chief, and Great, and Good,
Is watching there, I know.

Then, in a busy city,
  A crypt all dark and lone,
A name engraven on our hearts
  Is traced upon a stone.
Not *there* the sainted spirit!
  She dwells in holy light,
Within the pearl-raised portals,
  With those who walk in white.
May all her children follow
  The path she meekly trod,
And reach the home she rests in now,
  And dwell, like her, with God!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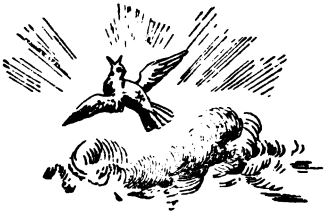


HELGA VON CRAMER.

VINCENT BROOKS, DAY & SON, LITH.

THE JUNGFRAU.

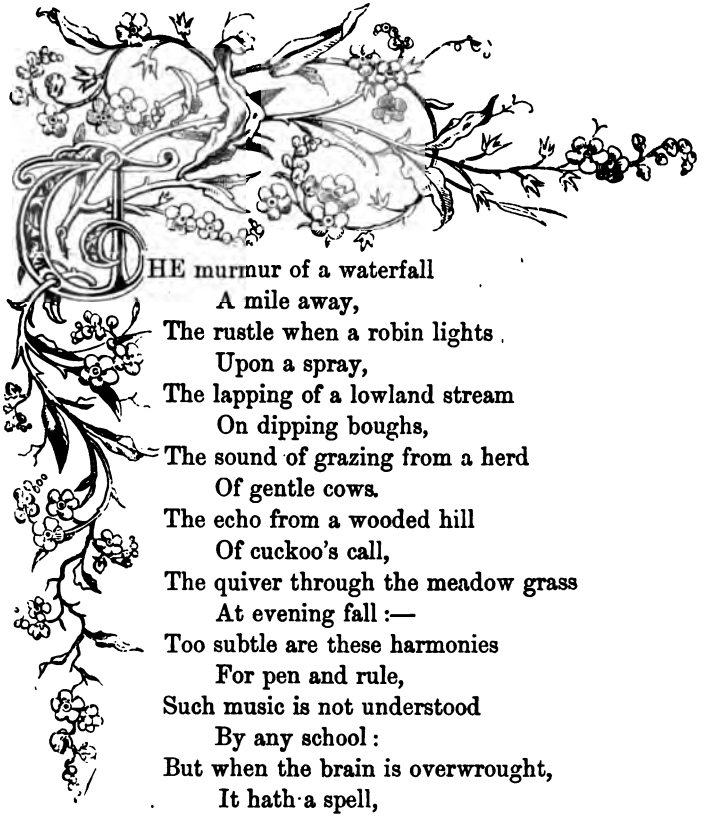
FROM EISENLUH.

To Helga.

COME down, and show the dwellers far below
  What God is painting in each mountain place!
  Show His fair colours, and His perfect grace,
Dowering each blossom born of sun and snow:
His tints, not thine! Thou art God's copyist,
  O gifted Helga! His thy golden height,
  Thy purple depth, thy rosy sunset light,
Thy blue snow-shadows, and thy weird white mist.
Reveal His works to many a distant land!
  Paint for His praise, oh, paint for love of Him!
He is thy Master, let Him hold thy hand,
  So thy pure heart no cloud of self shall dim.
At His dear feet lay down thy laurel-store,
Which crimson proof of thy redemption bore.

September 19th, 1876.

Tiny Tokens.



THE murmur of a waterfall
A mile away,
The rustle when a robin lights
Upon a spray,
The lapping of a lowland stream
On dipping boughs,
The sound of grazing from a herd
Of gentle cows.
The echo from a wooded hill
Of cuckoo's call,
The quiver through the meadow grass
At evening fall:—
Too subtle are these harmonies
For pen and rule,
Such music is not understood
By any school:
But when the brain is overwrought,
It hath a spell,
Beyond all human skill and power,
To make it well.

II.

The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,

The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means "I cannot speak,
But I have heard!"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own Word:—
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry;
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well!

April.

O THE wealth of pearly blossom, O the woodland's emerald gleam!
O the welcome, welcome sunshine on the diamond-sparkling stream!
O the carol from the hawthorn and the trill from dazzling blue!
O the glory of the springtime, making all things bright and new!
O the rosy eve's surrender
To the Easter moonlight tender!
O the early morning splendour

Fresh and fragrant, cool and clear,
In the rising of the year.
O the gladness of the children after all the dismal days,
In the freedom and the beauty and the heart-rejoicing rays!
Do we chill the gleeful spirit, check the pulses bounding fast,
By the mournful doubt suggested: "Ah, but, darling, *will it last?*"

Though we know there may be tempests, and we know there will be showers,
Yet we know they only hasten summer's richer crown of flowers.
Blossom leads to golden fruitage, bursting bud to foliage soon;
April's pleasant gleam shall strengthen to the glorious glow of June.

April leads to joyous May time,
With its ever-lengthening daytime;
This again to joyous haytime,
When the harvest-home is near,
In the zenith of the year.

So we only tell the children of the sunnier days in store,
Of the treasures and the beauties that shall open more and more.
So the silver carol rises, for the wintertime is past!
When the summer days are coming, need we ask if spring shall last?

O the gladness of the spirit, when the true and Only Light
Pours in radiant resplendence, making all things new and bright!
When the love of Jesus shineth in its overcoming power,
When the secret sweet communion hallows every passing hour.

O the calm and happy resting,
Free from every fear molesting!
O the Christ-victorious breasting
Of the tempter's varied art,
In the springtime of the heart!

O the freedom and the fervour after all the faithless days!
O the ever-new thanksgiving and the ever-flowing praise!
Shall we tempt the gaze from Jesus, and a doubting shadow cast,
Satan's own dark word suggesting by the whisper "'*If*' it last?"

Though we know there must be trials and there will be tears below,
Yet we know His glorious purpose, and His promises we know!
Only ask—"What saith the Master?" and believe His word alone,
That "from glory unto glory" He shall lead, shall change His own.

Ever more and more bestowing,
Love and joy in riper glowing,
Faith increasing, graces growing—
Such His promises to you!
He is faithful, He is true!

Each Amen becomes an anthem, for we know He will fulfil
All the purpose of His goodness, all the splendour of His will.
Only trust the living Saviour, only trust Him all the way,
And your springtide path shall brighten to the perfect summer day!

The Song of a Summer Stream.

A FEW months ago
I was singing through the snow,
Though the dead brown boughs gave no hope of summer shoots,
And my persevering fall
Seemed to be no use at all,
For the hard, hard frost would not let me reach the roots.

Then the mists hung chill
All along the wooded hill,
And the cold sad fog through my lonely dingles crept;
I was glad I had no power
To awake one tender flower
To a sure, swift doom! I would rather that it slept.

Still I sang all alone
In the sweet old summer tone,
For the strong white ice could not hush me for a day:
Though no other voice was heard
But the bitter breeze that whirred
Past the gaunt, grey trunks on its wild and angry way.

So the dim days sped,
While everything seemed dead,
And my own poor flow seemed the only living sign:

And the keen stars shone
When the freezing night came on,
From the far, far heights, all so cold and crystalline.

A few months ago
I was singing through the snow!
But now the blessed sunshine is filling all the land,
And the memories are lost
Of the winter fog and frost,
In the presence of the Summer with her full and glowing hand.

Now the woodlark comes to drink
At my cool and pearly brink,
And the ladyfern is bending to kiss my rainbow foam;
And the wild-rose buds entwine
With the dark-leaved bramble-vine,
And the centuried oak is green around the bright-eyed squirrel's home.

O the full and glad content
That my little song is blent
With the all-melodious mingling of the choristers around!
I no longer sing alone
Through a chill surrounding moan,
For the very air is trembling with its wealth of summer sound.

Though the hope seemed long deferred,
Ere the south wind's whisper heard
Gave a promise of the passing of the weary winter days,
Yet the blessing was secure,
For the summer time was sure
When the lonely songs are gathered in the mighty choir of praise.

An Autumn Holiday.

I DON'T want to think about "the meaning,"
I don't want to think fine thoughts at all!
On the great heather cushions leaning,
I'm watching the sunset, that is all!

Why should I puzzle and tease with questions,
When Nature shows me her picture-book?
I will leave her to make her own suggestions,
And just do nothing but sit and look.

I have finished the work of a busy season,
And I want to quiet a busy brain,
Now is the time for rest, (in reason),
Before I begin a new campaign.

And oh it is rest, and most delicious,
To know that I need not speak a word;
By only the midges (most officious!)
Could anything here be overheard.

Isn't it nice! The bracken browning
Is almost gold in the autumn glow,
And the silver birch, with the same fair crowning,
Gleams like a streak of glistening snow.

The sweet south air is so soft and quiet,
Stealing along through the fern to me,

After the most uncivil riot
Of his cousin from over the western sea.

The broad blaze hides all the fresh-foldings,
Under the flood of sunset light,
And touches anew all the quarry mouldings
Of the eastern hills with its gilding bright.

The clouds are hanging a cool grey curtain,
Up in the north till the sun gets low;
Only biding their time, and certain
Then to flaunt in a crimson show.

Slowly, slowly the sun is sinking,
Silence and glory are everywhere!
No more writing and no more thinking!
Only rest in the golden air!

Golden Land.

FAR from home alone I wander
Over mountain and pathless wave,
But the fair land that shineth yonder
Claimeth the love that erst it gave.
Golden Land, so far, so nearing!
Land of those who wait for me!
Ever brighter the vision cheering,
Golden Land, I haste to thee!

On my path a golden sunlight
Softly falls where'er I roam,

And I know it is the one light
Both of exile and of home.
Golden Land, so far, so near,
On my heart engraven clear,
Though I wander from strand to strand,
Dwells my heart in that Golden Land.

September 15th, 1876.

The Song of Love.

PASSED along the meadows fair,
The lark's loud carol filled the air,
A living song up-soaring.
A wanderer passed along, and sang
A song that all the lark's outrang,
His very soul outpouring.
"Still onward to my quiet home,
With yearning, glad endeavour,
Still singing all the way I roam
A song of love for ever."

I passed along the forest green,
And heard a song ring out between
The leafy aisles o'erarching.
The music filled the silent shade,
The singer passed through glen and glade,
With steady footstep marching.
"Still onward to my quiet home,
With yearning, glad endeavour,
Still singing all the way I roam
A song of love for ever."

I lingered by the river side,
And watched a tiny vessel glide,
And saw the white sails glisten:
The helm was in the wanderer's hand,
The same clear music reached the strand,
And bid my whole soul listen.
"Still onward to my quiet home,
With yearning, glad endeavour,
Still singing all the way I roam
A song of love for ever."

I passed the quiet churchyard bound,
And stood beside a new-made mound
In silent sunset glory;
The flowering grasses, fresh and fair,
Waved lightly in the golden air,
And softly told the story.
"He resteth in his blessed home,
Whence nothing now can sever,
Still singing, though no more to roam,
His song of love for ever."

Then let our hearts "be still,"
Though our task is turned to-day.
Oh let Him teach us what He will,
In His own gracious way.
Till, sitting only at Jesu's feet,
As we learn each line,
The hardest is found all clear and sweet!

March 28th, 1876.

Leaning over the Waterfall.

A young lady, aged 20, fell over the rocks at the Swallow Waterfall in the summer of 1873, and was lost to sight in a moment. The body was not recovered till four hours afterwards.

LEANING over the waterfall!
Lured by the fairy sight,
Heeding not the warning call,
Watching the foam and the flow,
Smooth and dark, or swift and bright,
Here in the shade and there in the light!
Oh, who could know
The coming sorrow, the nearing woe!

Leaning over the waterfall!
Only a day before
She had spoken of Jesu's wondrous call,
As He trod the waves of Galilee.
They asked, as she gazed from the sunset shore,
"If He walked that water, what would you do?"
Then fell the answer, glad and true,
"If He beckoned me,
I would go to Him on the pathless sea."

Leaning over the waterfall
  Only a moment before!
And then the slip, the helpless call,
  The plunge unheard in the pauseless roar
  By the startled watchers on the shore;
And the feet that stood by the waterfall,
    So fair and free,
Are standing with Christ by the crystal sea.

Leaning over the waterfall!
  Have you not often leant
(What should hinder? or what appal?)
Freely, fearlessly, over the brink,
  Merrily glancing adown the stream,
  Or gazing rapt in a musical dream
At the lovely waters? But pause and think—
    Who kept *your* feet,
And suffered you not such death to meet?

Leaning over the waterfall!
  What if *your* feet had slipped?
Never a moment of power to call,
  Never a hand in time to save
  From the terrible rush of the ruthless wave!
Hearken! would it be ill or well
    If thus *you* fell?
Hearken! would it be heaven or hell?

Leaning over the waterfall!
  Listen, and learn, and lean!
Listen to Him whose loving call
  Soundeth deep in your heart to-day!
  Learn of Jesus, the only way,
How to be holy, how to be blest!
    Lean on His breast,
And yours shall be safety and joy and rest.

The Awakening.

SO it has come to you, dear,
Come so soon!
Come in the sunshine early,
Come in the morning pearly,
Not in the blaze of noon.

Yes, it has come to you, dear,
Strange and sweet;
Come ere the merry May-time
Melts to the glowing hay-time,
Hushed in the sultry heat.

Come—with mysterious shadow,
Weird and new—
Come with a magic lustre
Hung on the shining cluster
Ripening fast for you.

Come! and the exquisite minor,
Rich and deep,
Swells with Æolian blending
Chords of the spirit, ending
Boyhood's enchanted sleep.

Sleep that is past for ever!
Is it gain?

What does the waking seem like?
Love that is only dream-like
  Sings not a truthful strain.

Hearts that have roused and listened
    Never more,
(Though they may miss the crossed tones,
Though they may mourn the lost tones,)
  Sleep as they slept before.

Come! and the great transition
    Now is past!
Never again the boy-life,
Only the pain—and joy-life,
  More of the first than last.

Come! and they do not guess it,
    Why such a change!
Why should the mirth and riot
Tone into manly quiet!
  Is it not passing strange?

Come! 'Tis a night of wonder
    At this call.
Characters cabalistic,
Writings all dim and mystic
  Tremble upon the wall.

Come! am I glad or sorry?
    Wait and see!
Wait for God's silent moulding,
Wait for His full unfolding,
  Wait for the days to be.

ON THE PRESENTATION OF A BIBLE TO THEIR

Princess Royal.

ERE the pathless ocean waters
Bear thee far from England's shore,
Come we, England's youthful daughters,
Warmly greeting thee once more.

Rarest jewels, lustre flinging,
Grace thy royal diadem;
Yet we come, an offering bringing
Richer than its richest gem.

While with prayerful love unspoken,
Princess! glows each maiden heart,
Deign to take this sacred token,
Brightest lamp and surest chart.

May its holy precepts guide thee
In each hour of joy or sadness;
Yet may he who stands beside thee
Share with thee unfading gladness.

Ever on thy pathway shining,
Living stars 'mid earthly night,

May its peace and grace entwining
Gird thee with a robe of light.

Rose of England! fragrance breathing,
To thy far new home depart,
Round thy early bloom enwreathing
All the love of England's heart.

Be thy gladness ever vernal
'Mid the wintry scenes below,
Till a crown of life eternal
Gleams upon thy royal brow!

Father, be Thou ever near her!
Saviour, fill her with Thy love!
Let Thy constant presence cheer her,
Joy-imparting Holy Dove!

January 1858.

Scotland's Welcome to the Princess Louise.

SWEET Rose of the South! contented to rest
In the fair island home which thy presence has blessed:
From the Highlands resounding, glad welcome shall float,
And the Lowlands re-echo the jubilant note.

Merry England has loved thee and cherished thee long,
Her blessings go with thee in prayer and in song;
Bonnie Scotland has won thee, and lays at thy feet
Love tender and fervent, love loyal and sweet.

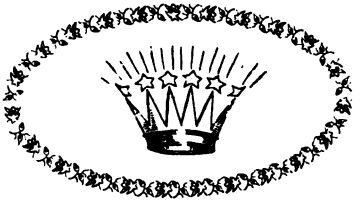
Chorus.—Our own bonnie Scotland with welcome shall ring,
While greeting and homage we loyally bring;
The crown of our love shall thy diadem be,
And the throne of our hearts is waiting for thee.

Then come, like the sunrise that gilds with a smile
The dark mountains and valleys of lonely Argyle;
Golden splendour shall fall on the pale northern snow,
And with roselight of love the purple shall glow.

Though the voice that should bless, and the hand that should seal,
Is "away," and at rest in "the land o' the leal,"
May the God of thy father look graciously down,
With blessings on blessings thy gladness to crown.

Chorus.—Our own bonnie Scotland with welcome shall ring,
While greeting and homage we loyally bring;
The crown of our love shall thy diadem be,
And the throne of our hearts is waiting for thee.

March 1871.



In Loyal and Loving Remembrance of H.R.H. the Princess Alice.

Two nations mourn! The same great grief is known
By human hearts on either side the sea,
Mourning with those who yet must mourn alone
Upon the silent height where only He
Can come and whisper comfort, who hath worn
The lonely diadem of cruel thorn.

Mourning for her whose royal love hath shewn
Secrets of comfort in the darkest days;
Who, like her Master, stooping from a throne
The suffering or the lost could heal or raise;
Leaving, like Him, example pure and bright,
For court or cottage home a starry light.

Two nations mourn; a hand from each would lay
Fair flowers and simple verse upon her tomb to-day.

December 23d, 1879.

Written to accompany a memorial wreath of white roses and palm leaves, painted by the Baroness Helga von Cramm.

National Hymn.

[Written by request to music by Rossini, 1873.]

LORD most high,
Who art God and Father,
  Hear Thou our cry,
While Thy children gather!
    Lord of Peace, oh hearken,
    Though war-clouds darken!
    Do Thou our labours bless,
    And crown them with success!

  Bend from Thy glory now,
Hear each suppliant vow!
  And on our children pour
Blessings evermore.
    Guarded by Thee,
    England shall be
    Bright in Thy light,
    Strong in Thy might,
      Glorious and free!

Hero and saint,
  Victors at last,
Bid us not faint,
  But follow, follow fast.

Make us, we pray,
Loyal as they,
Faithful and brave,
Our country to save!

When in the grim fight,
Pierceth the dim light,
Through the cleft ranks that shall close no more,
Fearfully flashing,
Awfully crashing,
Death-furrows follow the cannon's roar.
When wounded lie,
Ready to die;
When death is braved,
That life may be saved;
Teach us to show
Mercy with might,
Pardon the foe,
Crown Thou the right!

Father, hear us!
Thou art near us!
Guard and cheer us
By Thy strong hand!
Then Art resplendent,
Labour attendant,
Shall bless our land!

Lord, bless the land we love,
God save our Queen!

Hymn for Ireland.

"The isles shall wait upon Me, and on Mine arm shall they trust.'—Isa. li. 5

FATHER, we would plead Thy promise, bending at Thy glorious throne,
That the isles shall wait upon Thee, trusting in Thine arm alone!
One bright isle we bring before Thee, while in faith Thy children pray
For a full and mighty blessing, with united voice to-day.

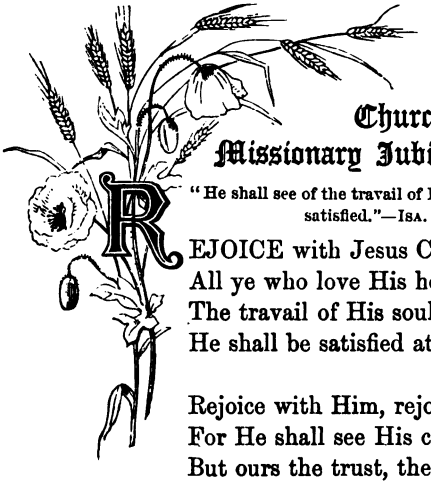
Gracious Saviour, look in mercy on this Island of the West,
Win the wandering and the weary with Thy pardon and Thy rest:
As the *only* Friend and Saviour let Thy blessèd name be owned,
Who hast shed Thy blood most precious, and for ever hast atoned!

Blessèd Spirit, lift Thy standard, pour Thy grace, and shed Thy light!
Lift the veil and loose the fetter; come with new and quickening might;
Make the desert places blossom, shower Thy sevenfold gifts abroad;
Make Thy servants wise and stedfast, valiant for the truth of God.

Triune God of grace and glory, be the isle for which we plead,
Shielded, succoured with Thy blessing, strong in every hour of need;
Flooded with Thy truth and glory (glowing sunlight from above),
And encompassed with the ocean of Thine everlasting love.

Oh, surround Thy throne of power with Thine emerald bow of peace:
Bid the wailing, and the warring, and the wild confusion cease.
Thou remainest King for ever,—Thou shalt reign, and earth adore!
Thine the kingdom, Thine the power, Thine the glory evermore.

1873.



Church Missionary Jubilee Hymn.

"He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied."—Isa. liii. 11.

REJOICE with Jesus Christ to-day,
All ye who love His holy sway!
The travail of His soul is past,
He shall be satisfied at last.

Rejoice with Him, rejoice indeed,
For He shall see His chosen seed!
But ours the trust, the grand employ,
To work out this divinest joy.

Of all His own He loseth none,
They shall be gathered one by one;

He gathereth the smallest grain,
His travail shall not be in vain.

Arise and work! arise and pray
That He would haste the dawning day!
And let the silver trumpet sound,
Wherever Satan's slaves are found.

The vanquished foe shall soon be stilled,
The conquering Saviour's joy fulfilled,
Fulfilled in us, fulfilled in them,
His crown, His royal diadem.

Soon, soon our waiting eyes shall see
The Saviour's mighty Jubilee!
His harvest-joy is filling fast,
He shall be satisfied at last!

Good Friday 1877.

Our Red-Letter Days.

My Alpine staff recalls each shining height,
Each pass of grandeur with rejoicing gained,
Carved with a lengthening record, self explained,
Of mountain-memories sublime and bright.
No valley-life but hath some mountain days,
Bright summits in the retrospective view,
And toil-won passes to glad prospects new,
Fair sunlit memories of joy and praise.

HELIOG. VON CRAMM.

VINCENT BROOKS DAY & SON, LITH.

WEISHORN AND MISCHABEL.

FROM THE BETTENSEE.

Grave on thy heart each past "red-letter day!"
Forget not all the sunshine of the way
By which the Lord hath led thee: answered prayers
And joys unasked; strange blessings, lifted cares,
Grand promise-echoes! Thus thy life shall be
One record of His love and faithfulness to thee.

A Merrie Christmas.

"MERRIE Christmas" to you!
For we serve the Lord with mirth,
And we carol forth glad tidings
Of our holy Saviour's birth.
So we keep the olden greeting
With its meaning deep and true,
And wish "a merrie Christmas"
And a happy New Year to you!

Oh, yes! "a merrie Christmas,"
With blithest song and smile,
Bright with the thought of Him who dwelt
On earth a little while,
That we might dwell for ever
Where never falls a tear:
So "a merrie Christmas" to you,
And a happy, happy year!

A Happy New Year to You.

NEW mercies, new blessings, new light on thy way;
New courage, new hope, and new strength for each day;
New notes of thanksgiving, new chords of delight,
New praise in the morning, new songs in the night;
New wine in thy chalice, new altars to raise;
New fruits for thy Master, new garments of praise;
New gifts from His treasures, new smiles from His face;
New streams from the fountain of infinite grace;
New stars for thy crown, and new tokens of love;
New gleams of the glory that waits thee above;
New light of His countenance full and unpriced;—
All this be the joy of thy new life in Christ!

Another Year.

ANOTHER year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee!

Faithful Promises.

ISAIAH xli. 10.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear;
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.

Onward then, and fear not,
Children of the day,
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!
Yea, I will uphold thee
With my own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In my sight to stand.
Onward then, and fear not,
Children of the day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away!

For the year before us,
Oh what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.
Onward then, and fear not,
Children of the day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away!

He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break!

Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.
Onward then, and fear not,
Children of the day!
For His word shall never,
Never pass away!

New Year's Wishes.

WHAT shall I wish thee?
Treasures of earth?
Songs in the springtime,
Pleasure and mirth?
Flowers on thy pathway,
Skies ever clear?
Would this ensure thee
A Happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee?
What can be found
Bringing thee sunshine
All the year round?

Where is the treasure,
Lasting and dear,
That shall ensure thee
A Happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth,
Walking in light;
Hope that aboundeth,
Happy and bright;
Love that is perfect,
Casting out fear;
These shall ensure thee
A Happy New Year.

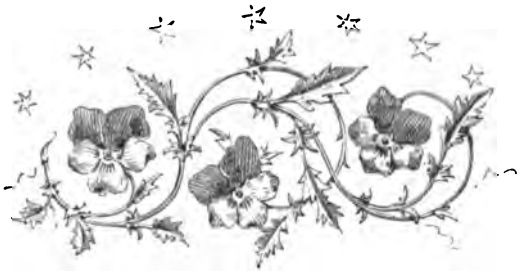
Peace in the Saviour,
Rest at His feet,
Smile of His countenance,
Radiant and sweet,
Joy in His presence!
Christ ever near!
This will ensure thee
A Happy New Year!

Thy Father Waits for Thee.

WANDERER from thy Father's home,
So full of sin, so far away,
Wilt thou any longer roam?
Oh, wilt thou not return to-day?
Wilt thou? Oh, He knows it all,
Thy Father sees, He meets thee here!
Wilt thou? Hear His tender call,
"Return, return!" while He is near.

He is here! His loving voice
Hath reached thee, though so far away!
He is waiting to rejoice,
O wandering one, o'er thee to-day.
Waiting, waiting to bestow
His perfect pardon, full and free;
Waiting, waiting till thou know
His wealth of love for thee, for thee!

Rise and go! Thy Father waits
To welcome and receive and bless;
Thou shalt tread His palace gates
In royal robe of righteousness.
Thine shall be His heart of love,
And thine His smile, and thine His home,
Thine His joy, all joys above—
O wandering child, no longer roam!



Will You not Come?

WILL you not come to Him for *Life?*
Why will ye die, oh, why?
He gave His life for you, for you!
The gift is free, the word is true!
Will you not come? oh, why will you die?

Will you not come to Him for *Peace?*
Peace through His cross alone!
He shed His precious blood for you;
The gift is free, the word is true!
He is our Peace—oh, is He your own?

Will you not come to Him for *Rest?*
All that are weary, come!
The rest He gives is deep and true,
'Tis offered now, 'tis offered you!
Rest in His love and rest in His home.

Will you not come to Him for *Joy?*
Will you not come for this?
He laid His joys aside for you,
To give you joy so sweet, so true:
Sorrowing heart, oh, drink of the bliss!

Will you not come to Him for *Love*,
  Love that can fill the heart?
Exceeding great, exceeding free!
He loveth you, He loveth me!
  Will you not come? Why stand you apart?

Will you not come to Him for ALL?
  Will you not "taste and see?"
He waits to give it all to you,
The gifts are free, the words are true!
  Jesus is calling, "Come unto Me!"

LOYAL RESPONSES

Consecration Hymn.

"Here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee."

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it *is* Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee.

Set Apart.

"Know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for Himself."—Ps. iv. 3.

I.

SET apart for Jesus!
Is not this enough,
Though the desert prospect
Open wild and rough?
Set apart for His delight,
Chosen for His holy pleasure,
Sealed to be His special treasure!
Could we choose a nobler joy?—and would we if we might?

II.

Set apart to serve Him,
Ministers of light,
Standing in His presence,
Ready day or night!
Chosen for His service blest,
He would have us always willing
Like the angel-hosts, fulfilling
Swiftly and rejoicingly, each recognised behest.

III.

Set apart to praise Him,
Set apart for this!
Have the blessèd angels
Any truer bliss?
Soft the prelude, though so clear;
Isolated tones are trembling;
But the chosen choir, assembling,
Soon shall sing together, while the universe shall hear.

IV.

Set apart to love Him,
And His love to know!
Not to waste affection
On a passing show.
Called to give Him life and heart,
Called to pour the hidden treasure,
That none other claims to measure,
Into His belovèd hand! thrice-blessèd "set apart!"

V.

Set apart for ever
For Himself alone!
Now we see our calling
Gloriously shown!
Owning, with no secret dread,
This our holy separation,
Now the crown of consecration
Of the Lord our God shall rest upon our willing head![1]

[1] Num. vi. 7.

The Secret of a Happy Day.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."—Ps. xxv. 14.

I.

JUST to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, this is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessèd, calm and free.

II.

Just to let Him speak to thee
Through His Word,
Watching, that His voice may be
Clearly heard.
Just to tell Him everything
As it rises,
And at once to Him to bring
All surprises.
Just to listen, and to stay
Where you cannot miss His voice.
This is all! and thus to-day,
Communing, you shall rejoice.

III.

Just to ask Him what to do
All the day,
And to make you quick and true
To obey.
Just to know the needed grace
He bestoweth,
Every bar of time and place
Overfloweth.
Just to take thy orders straight
From the Master's own command!
Blessèd day! when thus we wait
Always at our Sovereign's hand.

IV.

Just to recollect His love
Always true;
Always shining from above,
Always new.
Just to recognise its light
All-enfolding;
Just to claim its present might,
All-upholding.
Just to know it as thine own,
That no power can take away.
Is not this enough alone
For the gladness of the day?

V.

Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still;
Take the training, or the task,
As He will.

Just to take the loss or gain,
As He sends it;
Just to take the joy or pain,
As He lends it.
He who formed thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

VI.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings!
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best!
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

The Unfailing One.

"He faileth not."—Zeph. iii. 5.

I.

He who hath led will lead
All through the wilderness;
He who hath fed will feed;
He who hath blessed will bless;
He who hath heard thy cry,
Will never close His ear;
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh,
Will not forget thy tear.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him, to-day, for ever!

II.

He who hath made thee whole
Will heal thee day by day;
He who hath spoken to thy soul
Hath many things to say.
He who hath gently taught
Yet more will make thee know;
He who so wondrously hath wrought
Yet greater things will show.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him, to-day, for ever!

III.

He who hath made thee nigh
Will draw thee nearer still;
He who hath given the first supply
Will satisfy and fill.

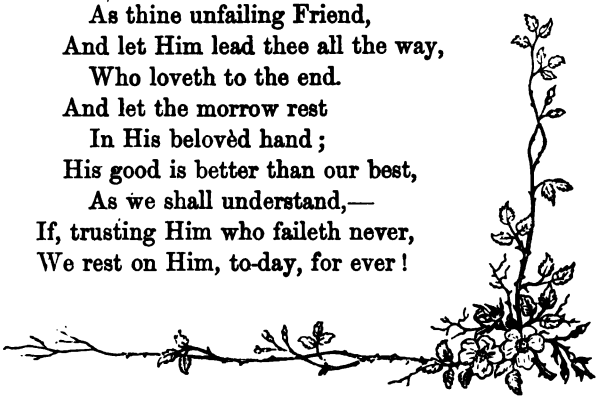
He who hath given thee grace
Yet more and more will send;
He who hath set thee in the race
Will speed thee to the end.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him, to-day, for ever!

IV.

He who hath won thy heart
Will keep it true and free;
He who hath shown thee what thou art
Will show Himself to thee.
He who hath bid thee live,
And made thy life His own,
Life more abundantly will give,
And keep it His alone.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him, to-day, for ever!

V.

Then trust Him for to-day
As thine unfailing Friend,
And let Him lead thee all the way,
Who loveth to the end.
And let the morrow rest
In His belovèd hand;
His good is better than our best,
As we shall understand,—
If, trusting Him who faileth never,
We rest on Him, to-day, for ever!



On the Lord's Side.

"Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse."—1 Chron. xii. 18.

I.

Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers,
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
Response. By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

II.

Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior-psalm;
But for Love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died:
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
Response. By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

III.

Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
Response. By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

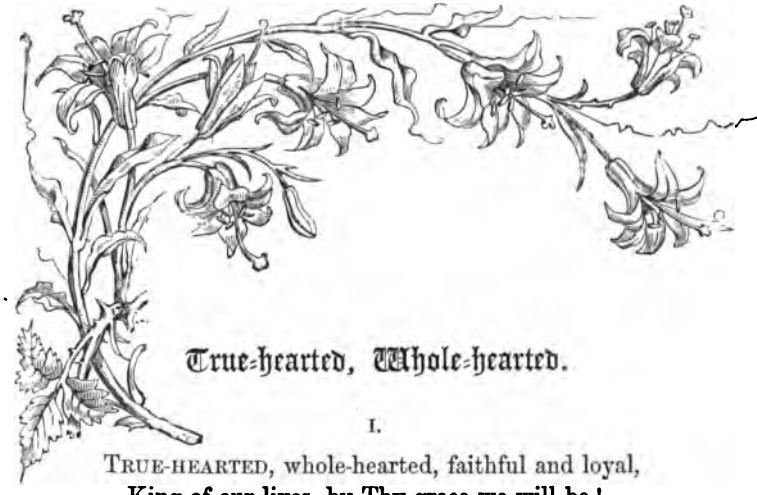
IV.

Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Response. Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

V.

Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land;
"Chosen, called, and faithful,"
For our Captain's band;

In the service royal
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Response. Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine!



True-hearted, Whole-hearted.

I.

TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!
Under Thy standard, exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength, we will battle for Thee!

II.

True-hearted, whole-hearted! Fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;
Valiant endeavour and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

III.

True-hearted! Saviour, Thou knowest our story;
Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,
Sinful and treacherous! yet, for Thy glory,
Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.

IV.

Whole-hearted! Saviour, beloved and glorious,
Take Thy great power, and reign Thou alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own.

V.

Half-hearted, *false*-hearted! Heed we the warning?
Only the whole can be perfectly true;
Bring the whole offering, all timid thought scorning,
True-hearted only if whole-hearted too.

VI.

Half-hearted! Saviour, shall aught be withholden,
Giving Thee part who hast given us all?
Blessings outpouring, and promises golden
Pledging, with never reserve or recall.

VII.

Half-hearted! Master, shall any who know Thee
Grudge Thee their lives, who hast laid down Thine own?
Nay; we would offer the hearts that we owe Thee,—
Live for Thy love and Thy glory alone.

VIII.

Sisters, dear sisters, the call is resounding,
Will ye not echo the silver refrain,
Mighty and sweet, and in gladness abounding,—
"True-hearted, whole-hearted!" ringing again?

IX.

Jesus is with us, His rest is before us,
Brightly His standard is waving above.
Brothers, dear brothers, in gathering chorus,
Peal out the watchword of courage and love!

X.

Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free!
"True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for ever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!"

"By Thy Cross and Passion."

"He hath given us rest by His sorrow, and life by His death."—JOHN BUNYAN.

I.

WHAT hast Thou done for me, O mighty Friend,
Who lovest to the end!
Reveal Thyself, that I may now behold
Thy love unknown, untold,
Bearing the curse, and made a curse for me,
That blessed and made a blessing I might be.

II.

Oh, Thou wast crowned with thorns, that I might wear
A crown of glory fair;
"Exceeding sorrowful," that I might be
Exceeding glad in Thee;
"Rejected and despised," that I might stand
Accepted and complete on Thy right hand.

III.

Wounded for my transgression, stricken sore,
That I might "sin no more;"
Weak, that I might be always strong in Thee;
Bound, that I might be free;
Acquaint with grief, that I might only know
Fulness of joy in everlasting flow.

IV.

Thine was the chastisement, with no release,
That mine might be the peace;
The bruising and the cruel stripes were Thine,
That healing might be mine;
Thine was the sentence and the condemnation,
Mine the acquittal and the full salvation.

V.

For Thee revilings, and a mocking throng,
For me the angel-song;
For Thee the frown, the hiding of God's face,
For me His smile of grace;
Sorrows of hell and bitterest death for Thee,
And heaven and everlasting life for me.

VI.

Thy cross and passion, and Thy precious death,
While I have mortal breath,
Shall be my spring of love and work and praise,
The life of all my days;
Till all this mystery of love supreme
Be solved in glory—glory's endless theme!

The Opened Fountain.

"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness. . . . Wounded in the house of My friends."—ZECH. xiii. 1, 6.

I.

AND I have wounded Thee—oh, wounded Thee!—
Wounded the dear, dear Hand that holds me fast!
Oh, to recall the word! That cannot be!
Oh, to unthink the thought that out of reach hath passed!

II.

Sorrow and bitter grief replace my bliss;
I could not wish that any joy should be;
There is no room for any thought but this,
That I have sinned—have sinned—have wounded Thee!

III.

How *could* I grieve Thee so! Thou couldst have kept;
My fall was not the failure of Thy word.
Thy promise hath no flaw, no dire "except,"
To neutralize the grace so royally conferred.

IV.

Oh the exceeding sinfulness of sin!
Tenfold exceeding in the love-lit light
Of Thy sufficient grace, without, within,
Enough for every need, in never-conquered might!

V.

With all the shame, with all the keen distress,
Quick, "waiting not," I flee to Thee again;
Close to the wound, belovèd Lord, I press,
That Thine own precious blood may overflow the stain.

VI.

O *precious* blood! Lord, let it rest on me!
I ask not only pardon from my King,
But cleansing from my Priest. I come to Thee
Just as I came at first,—a sinful, helpless thing.

VII.

Oh, cleanse me now! My Lord, I cannot stay
For evening shadows and a silent hour:
Now I have sinned, and *now*, with no delay,
I claim Thy promise and its total power.

VIII.

O Saviour, bid me "go and sin no more,"
And keep me always 'neath the mighty flow
Of Thy perpetual fountain; I implore
That Thy perpetual cleansing I may fully know.

The Precious Blood of Jesus.

I.

PRECIOUS, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary;
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for me.

II.

Precious blood, that hath redeemed us!
All the price is paid;
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

III.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole
Let it flow in mighty cleansing
O'er thy soul.

IV.

Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,

Jesu's precious blood can make them
White as snow.

V.

Now the holiest with boldness
We may enter in,
For the open fountain cleanseth
From all sin.

VI.

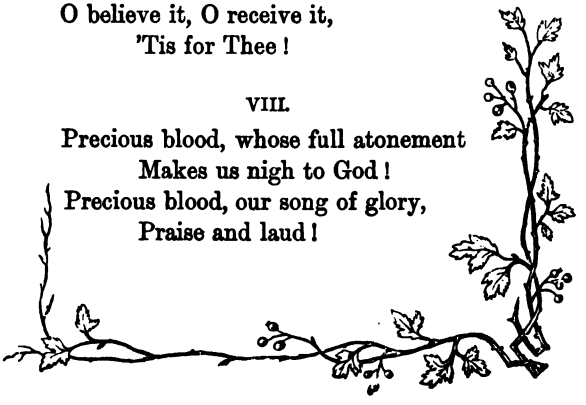
Precious blood! by this we conquer
In the fiercest fight,
Sin and Satan overcoming
By its might.

VII.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Ever flowing free!
O believe it, O receive it,
'Tis for Thee!

VIII.

Precious blood, whose full atonement
Makes us nigh to God!
Precious blood, our song of glory,
Praise and laud!



I Remember Thee.

"Thus saith the LORD, I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals."—JER. ii. 2.

I.

My Lord, dost Thou indeed remember me,
Just *me*, the least and last?
With all the names of Thy redeemed,
And all Thy angels, has it seemed
As though my name might perhaps be overpassed;
Yet here I find Thy word of tenderest grace,
True for this moment, perfect for my case,—
"Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!"

II.

My Lord, dost Thou remember *this* of me,
The kindness of *my* youth?—
The tremulous gleams of early days,
The first faint thrills of love and praise,
Vibrating fitfully? Not much, in truth,
Can I bring back at memory's wondering call;
Yet Thou, my faithful Lord, rememberest all,—
"Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!"

III.

My Lord, dost Thou remember this of me,
My love, so poor, so cold?
Oh, if I had but loved Thee more!
Yet Thou hast pardoned. Let me pour
My life's best wine for Thee, my heart's best gold
(Worthless, yet all I have), for very shame
That Thou should'st tell me, calling me by name,—
"Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!"

IV.

My Lord, dost Thou remember this of me,
The day of Thine own power!
The love of *mine* espousals sweet,
The laying wholly at Thy feet
Of heart and life, in that glad, willing hour?
That love was Thine—I gave Thee but Thine own,
And yet the Voice falls from the emerald throne,—
"Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!"

V.

My Lord, dost Thou remember *this* of me?
Forgetting every fall,
Forgetting all the treacherous days,
Forgetting all the wandering ways,
With fulness of forgiveness covering all;
Casting these memories, a hideous store,
Into the crimson sea, for evermore,
And only saying, "I remember thee!"

VI.

My Lord, art Thou indeed remembering me?
Then let me not forget!
Oh, be Thy kindness all the way,
Thy everlasting love to-day,
In sweet perpetual remembrance set
Before my view, to fill my marvelling gaze,
And stir my love, and lift my life to praise,
Because Thou sayest, "I remember thee!"

Knowing.

I.

I KNOW the crimson stain of sin,
Defiling all without, within;
But now rejoicingly I know
That He has washed me white as snow.
I praise Him for the cleansing tide,
Because I know that Jesus died.

II.

I know the helpless, hopeless plaint,
"The whole head sick, the whole heart faint;"
But now I trust His touch of grace,
That meets so perfectly my case,
So tenderly, so truly deals;
Because I know that Jesus heals.

III.

I know the pang of forfeit breath,
When life in sin was life in death;
But now I know His life is mine,
And nothing shall that cord untwine,
Rejoicing in the life He gives,
Because I know that Jesus lives.

IV.

I know how anxious thought can press,
I know the weight of carefulness;
But now I know the sweet reward
Of casting all upon my Lord,

No longer bearing what He bears,
Because I know that Jesus cares.

V.

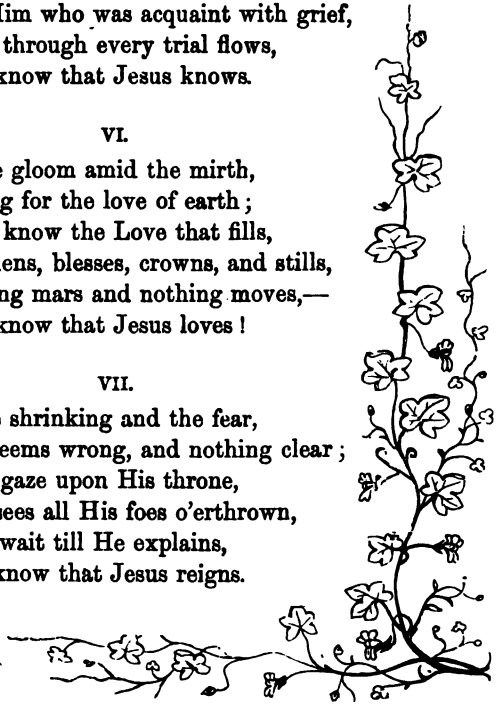
I know the sorrow that is known
To the tear-burdened heart alone;
But now I know its full relief
Through Him who was acquaint with grief,
And peace through every trial flows,
Because I know that Jesus knows.

VI.

I know the gloom amid the mirth,
The longing for the love of earth;
But now I know the Love that fills,
That gladdens, blesses, crowns, and stills,
That nothing mars and nothing moves,—
I know, I know that Jesus loves!

VII.

I know the shrinking and the fear,
When all seems wrong, and nothing clear;
But now I gaze upon His throne,
And faith sees all His foes o'erthrown,
And I can wait till He explains,
Because I know that Jesus reigns.



Trusting Jesus.

I.

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

II.

I am trusting Thee for pardon;
At Thy feet I bow,
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

III.

I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

IV.

I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead!
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

V.

I am trusting Thee for power;
Thine can never fail!
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,
Must prevail.

VI.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus:
Never let me fall!
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

Looking unto Jesus.

I.

LOOKING unto Jesus!
Battle-shout of faith,
Shield o'er all the armour,
Free from scar or scathe.
Standard of salvation,
In our hearts unfurled,
Let its elevation
Overcome the world!

II.

Look away to Jesus,
Look away from all;
Then we need not stumble,
Then we shall not fall.
From each snare that lureth,
Foe or phantom grim,
Safety this ensureth:
Look away to Him.

III.

Looking into Jesus,
  Wonderingly we trace
Heights of power and glory,
  Depths of love and grace.
Vistas far unfolding
  Ever stretch before,
As we gaze, beholding
  Ever more and more.

IV.

Looking up to Jesus,
  On the emerald throne!
Faith shall pierce the heavens
  Where our King is gone.
Lord, on Thee depending,
  Now, continually,
Heart and mind ascending,
  Let us dwell with Thee.

Shining.

I.

ARE you *shining* for Jesus, dear one?
  You have given your heart to Him;
But is the light strong within it,
  Or is it but pale and dim?
Can *everybody* see it,—
  That Jesus is all to you?
That your love to Him is burning
  With radiance warm and true?

Is the seal upon your forehead,
So that it *must* be known
That you are "all for Jesus,"—
That your heart is all His own?

II.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one?
You remember the first sweet ray,
When the sun arose upon you
And brought the gladsome day;
When you heard the gospel message,
And Jesus Himself drew near,
And helped you to trust Him simply,
And took away your fear;
When the darkness and the shadows
Fled like a weary night,
And you felt that you could praise Him,
And everything seemed bright.

III.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,
So that the holy light
May enter the hearts of others,
And make them glad and bright?
Have you spoken a word for Jesus,
And told to some around,
Who do not care about Him,
What a Saviour *you* have found?
Have you lifted the lamp for others,
That has guided your own glad feet?
Have you echoed the loving message,
That seemed to you so sweet?

IV.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,—
  Shining for Him all day,
Letting the light burn always
  Along the varied way?
Always,—when those beside you
  Are walking in the dark?
Always,—when no one is helping,
  Or heeding your tiny spark?
Not idly letting it flicker
  In every passing breeze
Of pleasure or temptation,
  Of trouble or of ease?

V.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,—
  Shining just everywhere,
Not only in easy places,
  Not only just here or there?
Shining in happy gatherings,
  Where all are loved and known.
Shining where all are strangers?
  Shining when quite alone?
Shining at home, and making
  True sunshine all around?
Shining abroad, and faithful—
  Perhaps among faithless—found?

VI.

Are you shining for *Jesus*, dear one,
  Not for yourself at all?
Not because dear ones, watching,
  Would grieve if your lamp should fall?
Shining because you are walking
  In the Sun's unclouded rays,

And you cannot help reflecting
The light on which you gaze?
Shining because it shineth
So warm and bright above,
That you *must* let out the gladness,
And you *must* show forth the love?

VII.

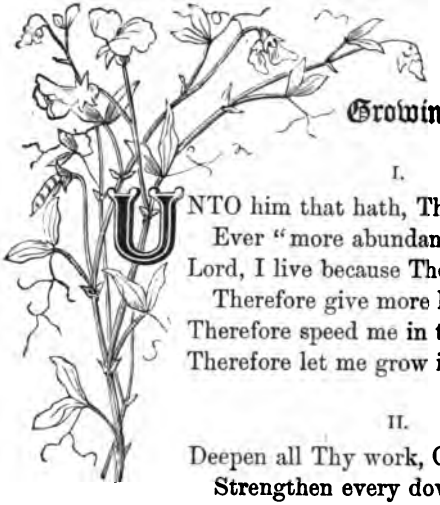
Are you shining for Jesus, dear one?
Or is there a little sigh
That the lamp His love had lighted
Does not burn clear and high?
Is the heavenly crown that waits you
Still, still without a star,
Because your light was hidden,
And sent no rays afar?
Do you feel you have not loved Him
With a love right brave and loyal,
But have faintly fought and followed
His banner bright and royal?

VIII.

Oh, come again to Jesus!
Come as you came at first,
And tell Him all that hinders,
And tell Him all the worst;
And take His sweet forgiveness
As you took it once before,
And hear His kind voice saying,
"Peace! go, and sin no more!"
Then ask for grace and courage
His name to glorify,
That never more His precious light
Your [illegible] may deny.

IX.

Then rise, and, "watching daily,"
  Ask Him your lamp to trim
With the fresh oil He giveth,
  That it may not burn dim.
Yes, rise and shine for Jesus!
  Be brave, and bright, and true
To the true and loving Saviour,
  Who gave Himself for you.
Oh, shine for Jesus, dear one,
  And henceforth be your way
Bright with the light that shineth
  Unto the perfect day!



Growing.

I.

UNTO him that hath, Thou givest
  Ever "more abundantly."
Lord, I live because Thou livest,
  Therefore give more life to me;
Therefore speed me in the race;
Therefore let me grow in grace.

II.

Deepen all Thy work, O Master,
  Strengthen every downward root,
Only do Thou ripen faster,
  More and more, Thy pleasant fruit.
Purge me, prune me, self abase,
Only let me grow in grace.

III.

Jesus, grace for grace outpouring,
Show me ever greater things;
Raise me higher, sunward soaring,
Mounting as on eagle-wings.
By the brightness of Thy face,
Jesus, let me grow in grace.

IV.

Let me grow by sun and shower,
Every moment water me;
Make me really hour by hour
More and more conformed to Thee,
That Thy loving eye may trace,
Day by day, my growth in grace.

V.

Let me then be always growing,
Never, never standing still;
Listening, learning, better knowing
Thee and Thy most blessèd will.
Till I reach Thy holy place,
Daily let me grow in grace.

Resting.

"This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing."—Isa. xxviii. 12.

I.

Resting on the faithfulness of Christ our Lord;
Resting on the fulness of His own sure word;
Resting on His power, on His love untold;
Resting on His covenant secured of old.

II.

Resting 'neath His guiding hand for untracked days;
Resting 'neath His shadow from the noontide rays;
Resting at the eventide beneath His wing,
In the fair pavilion of our Saviour King.

III.

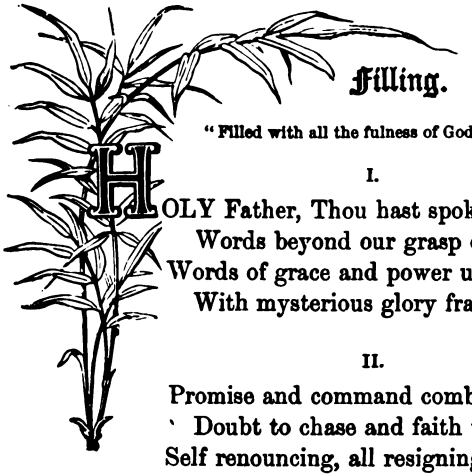
Resting in the fortress while the foe is nigh;
Resting in the lifeboat while the waves roll high;
Resting in His chariot for the swift glad race;
Resting, always resting in His boundless grace.

IV.

Resting in the pastures, and beneath the Rock;
Resting by the waters where He leads His flock;
Resting, while we listen, at His glorious feet;
Resting in His very arms!—O rest complete!

V.

Resting and believing, let us onward press,
Resting in Himself, the Lord our Righteousness;
Resting and rejoicing, let His saved ones sing,
Glory, glory, glory be to Christ our King!



Filling.

"Filled with all the fulness of God."—Eph. iii. 19.

I.

HOLY Father, Thou hast spoken
Words beyond our grasp of thought,—
Words of grace and power unbroken,
With mysterious glory fraught.

II.

Promise and command combining,
Doubt to chase and faith to lift;
Self renouncing, all resigning,
We would claim this mighty gift.

III.

Take us, Lord, oh, take us truly,
Mind and soul and heart and will;
Empty us and cleanse us throughly,
Then with all Thy fulness fill.

IV.

Lord, we ask it, hardly knowing
What this wondrous gift may be;
But fulfil to overflowing;—
Thy great meaning let us see.

V.

Make us in Thy royal palace
Vessels worthy for the King;
From Thy fulness fill our chalice,
From Thy never-failing spring.

VI.

Father, by this blessèd filling,
Dwell Thyself in us, we pray;
We are waiting, Thou art willing,
Fill us with Thyself to-day!

Increase our Faith.

"Lord, increase our faith."—LUKE xvii. 5.

I.

INCREASE our faith, belovèd Lord!
For Thou alone canst give
The faith that takes Thee at Thy word,
The faith by which we live.

II.

Increase our faith! So weak are we,
That we both may and must
Commit our very faith to Thee,
Entrust to Thee our trust.

III.

Increase our faith! for there is yet
Much land to be possessed;
And by no other strength we get
Our heritage of rest.

IV.

Increase our faith! On this broad shield
"*All*" fiery darts be caught;
We must be victors in the field
Where Thou for us hast fought.

V.

Increase our faith, that we may claim
Each starry promise sure,
And *always* triumph in Thy name,
And to the end endure.

VI.

Increase our faith, O Lord, we pray,
That we may not depart
From Thy commands, but *all* obey
With free and loyal heart.

VII.

Increase our faith—increase it still—
From heavenward hour to hour,
And in us gloriously "fulfil
The work of faith with power."

VIII.

Increase our faith, that never dim
Or trembling it may be,
Crowned with the "perfect peace" of him
"Whose mind is stayed on Thee."

IX.

Increase our faith, for Thou hast prayed
That it should never fail;
Our stedfast anchorage is made
With Thee, within the veil.

X.

Increase our faith, that unto Thee
More fruit may still abound;
That it may grow "exceedingly,"
And to Thy praise be found.

XI.

Increase our faith, O Saviour dear,
By Thy sweet sovereign grace,
Till, changing faith for vision clear,
We see Thee face to face!

"Nobody Knows but Jesus."

I.

"NOBODY knows but Jesus!"
'Tis only the old refrain
Of a quaint, pathetic slave-song,
But it comes again and again.

II.

I only heard it quoted,
And I do not know the rest;
But the music of the message
Was wonderfully blessed.

III.

For it fell upon my spirit
Like sweetest twilight psalm,
When the breezy sunset waters
Die into starry calm.

IV.

"Nobody knows but Jesus!"
Is it not better so,
That no one else but Jesus,
My own dear Lord, should know?

V.

When the sorrow is a secret
Between my Lord and me,
I learn the fuller measure
Of His quick sympathy.

VI.

Whether it be so heavy,
That dear ones could not bear
To know the bitter burden
They could not come and share;

VII.

Whether it be so tiny,
That others could not see
Why it should be a trouble,
And seem so real to me;

VIII.

Either and both, I lay them
Down at my Master's feet,
And find them, alone with Jesus,
Mysteriously sweet.

IX.

Sweet, for they bring me closer
To the dearest, truest Friend;
Sweet, for He comes the nearer,
As 'neath the cross I bend;

X.

Sweet, for they are the channels
Through which His teachings flow;
Sweet, for by these dark secrets
His heart of love I know.

XI.

"Nobody knows but Jesus!"
It is music for to-day,
And through the darkest hours
It will chime along the way.

XII.

"Nobody knows but Jesus!"
My Lord, I bless Thee now
For the sacred gift of sorrow
That no one knows but Thou.

He is thy Life.

I.

JESUS, Thy life is mine!
Dwell evermore in me;
And let me see
That nothing can untwine
My life from Thine.

II.

Thy life in me be shown!
Lord, I would henceforth seek
To think and speak
Thy thoughts, Thy words alone,
No more my own.

III.

Thy love, Thy joy, Thy peace,
Continuously impart
Unto my heart;
Fresh springs, that never cease,
But still increase.

IV.

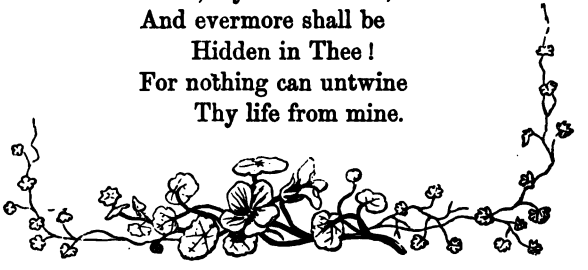
The blest reality
Of resurrection power,
Thy Church's dower,
Life more abundantly,
Lord, give to me!

V.

Thy fullest gift, O Lord,
Now at Thy feet I claim,
Through Thy dear name!
And touch the rapturous chord
Of praise forth poured.

VI.

Jesus, my life is Thine,
And evermore shall be
Hidden in Thee!
For nothing can untwine
Thy life from mine.



Enough.

I.

I AM so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand
One moment without Thee!
But oh! the tenderness of Thine enfolding,
And oh! the faithfulness of Thine upholding,
And oh! the strength of Thy right hand!
That strength is enough for me!

II.

I am so needy, Lord, and yet I know
All fulness dwells in Thee;
And hour by hour that never-failing treasure
Supplies and fills, in overflowing measure,
My least, my greatest need; and so
Thy grace is enough for me!

III.

It is so sweet to trust Thy word alone:
I do not ask to see
The unveiling of Thy purpose, or the shining
Of future light on mysteries untwining:
Thy promise-roll is all my own,—
Thy word is enough for me!

IV.

The human heart asks love; but now I know
That my heart hath from Thee
All real, and full, and marvellous affection,
So near, so human; yet divine perfection
Thrills gloriously the mighty glow!
Thy love is enough for me!

V.

There were strange soul-depths, restless, vast, and broad,
Unfathomed as the sea;
An infinite craving for some infinite stilling;
But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling!
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
Thou, Thou art enough for me!

All.

I.

GOD'S reiterated "ALL!"
O wondrous word of peace and power!
Touching with its tuneful fall
The rising of each hidden hour,
All the day.

II.

Only *all* His word believe,
All peace and joy your heart shall fill,
All things asked ye shall receive:
This is thy Father's word and will,
For to-day.

III.

"*All* I have is thine," saith He.
"*All* things are yours," He saith again;
All the promises for thee
Are sealed with Jesus Christ's Amen,
For to-day.

IV.

He shall *all* your need supply,
And He will make *all* grace abound:
*Al*ways *all* sufficiency
In Him for *all* things shall be found,
For to-day.

V.

All His work He shall fulfil,
All the good pleasure of His will,
Keeping thee in *all* thy ways,
And with thee always, "*all* the days,"
And to-day!

Only.

I.

ONLY a mortal's powers,
Weak at their fullest strength;
Only a few swift-flashing hours,
Short at their fullest length.

II.

Only a page for the eye,
Only a word for the ear,
Only a smile, and by and by
Only a quiet tear.

III.

Only one heart to give,
Only one voice to use;
Only one little life to live,
And only one to lose.

IV.

Poor is my best, and small:
How could I dare divide?
Surely my Lord shall have it all,
He shall not be denied!

V.

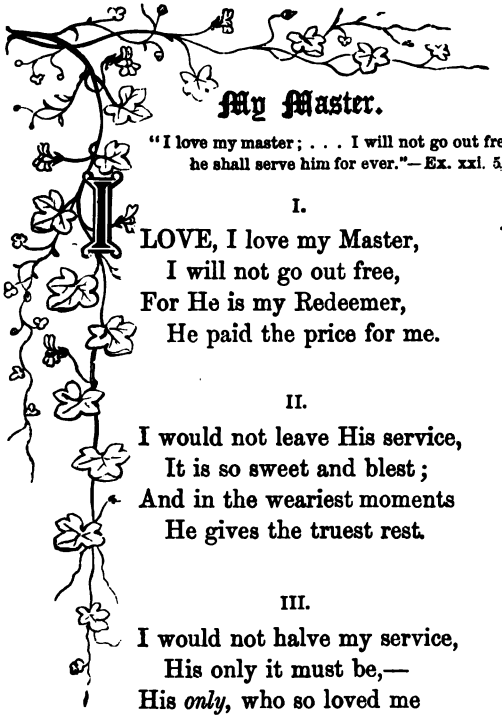
All! for far more I owe
Than all I have to bring;
All! for my Saviour loves me so!
All! for I love my King!

VI.

All! for it is His own,
He gave the tiny store;
All! for it must be His alone;
All! for I have no more.

VII.

All! for the last and least
He stoopeth to uplift:
The altar of my great High Priest
Shall sanctify my gift.



My Master.

"I love my master; . . . I will not go out free. And he shall serve him for ever."—Ex. xxi. 5, 6.

I.

I LOVE, I love my Master,
I will not go out free,
For He is my Redeemer,
He paid the price for me.

II.

I would not leave His service,
It is so sweet and blest;
And in the weariest moments
He gives the truest rest.

III.

I would not halve my service,
His only it must be,—
His *only*, who so loved me
And gave Himself for me.

IV.

My Master shed His life-blood
My vassal life to win,
And save me from the bondage
Of tyrant self and sin.

V.

He chose me for His service,
And gave me power to choose
That blessed, "perfect freedom"
Which I shall never lose:

VI.

For He hath met my longing
With word of golden tone,
That I shall serve for ever
Himself, Himself alone.

VII.

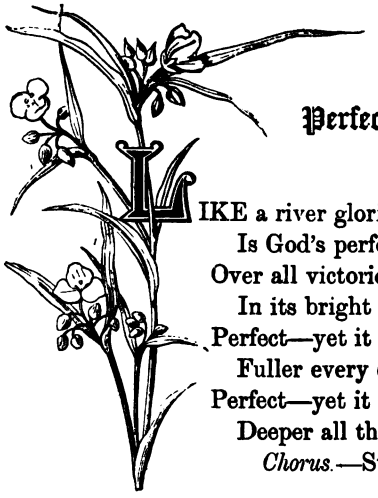
"Shall serve Him" hour by hour,
For He will show me how;
My Master is fulfilling
His promise even now!

VIII.

"Shall serve Him," and "for ever;"
O hope most sure, most fair!
The perfect love outpouring
In perfect service there!

IX.

Rejoicing and adoring,
Henceforth my song shall be:
I love, I love my Master,
I will not go out free!



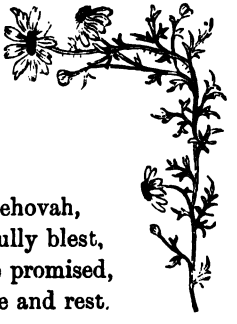
Perfect Peace.

I.

LIKE a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase.
Perfect—yet it floweth
Fuller every day;
Perfect—yet it groweth
Deeper all the way.
Chorus.—Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

II.

Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessèd hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand.
Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry
Touch the spirit there.
Chorus.—Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.



III.

Every joy or trial
  Falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial
  By the Sun of Love.
We may trust Him solely
  All for us to do;
They who trust Him wholly,
  Find Him wholly true.
    Chorus.—Stayed upon Jehovah,
      Hearts are fully blest,
    Finding, as He promised,
      Perfect peace and rest.

"I am with thee!"

I.

"I AM with thee!" He hath said it
  In His truth and tender grace;
Sealed the promise, grandly spoken,
With how many a mighty token
  Of His love and faithfulness.

II.

He is with thee!—In thy dwelling,
  Shielding thee from fear of ill;
All thy burdens kindly bearing,
For thy dear ones gently caring,
  Guarding, keeping, blessing still.

III.

He is with thee!—In thy service
  He is with thee "certainly,"
Filling with the Spirit's power,
Giving in the needing hour
  His own messages by thee.

IV.

He is with thee!—With thy spirit,
  With thy lips, or with thy pen;
In the quiet preparation,
In the heart-bowed congregation,
  Nevermore alone again!

V.

He is with thee!—With thee always,
  All the nights and all the days;
Never failing, never frowning,
With His loving-kindness crowning,
  Tuning all thy life to praise.

VI.

He is with thee!—Thine own Master,
  Leading, loving to the end;
Brightening joy and lightening sorrow,
All to-day, yet *more* to-morrow,
  King and Saviour, Lord and Friend.

VII.

He is with thee!—Yes, for ever,
  Now, and through eternity;
Then with Him for ever dwelling,
Thou shalt share His joy excelling,
  Thou with Christ, and Christ with thee!

Trust and Distrust.

I.

DISTRUST thyself, but trust His grace;
It is enough for thee!
In every trial thou shalt trace
Its all-sufficiency.

II.

Distrust thyself, but trust His strength;
In Him thou shalt be strong:
His weakest ones may learn at length
A daily triumph-song.

III.

Distrust thyself, but trust His love;
Rest in its changeless glow:
And life or death shall only prove
Its everlasting flow.

IV.

Distrust thyself, but trust alone
In Him, for all—for ever!
And joyously thy heart shall own
That Jesus faileth never.

Without Carefulness.

"I would have you without carefulness."—1 Cor. vii. 32.

I.

MASTER! how shall I bless Thy name
For Thy tender love to me,
For the sweet enablings of Thy grace,
So sovereign, yet so free,
That have taught me to obey Thy word
And cast my care on Thee!

II.

They tell of weary burdens borne
For discipline of life,
Of long anxieties and doubts,
Of struggle and of strife,
Of a path of dim perplexities
With fears and shadows rife.

III.

Oh, I have trod that weary path,
With burdens not a few,
With shadowy faith that Thou would'st lead
And help me safely through,
Trying to follow and obey,
And bear my burdens too.

IV.

Master! dear Master, Thou didst speak,
And yet I did not hear,
Or long ago I might have ceased
From every care and fear,
And gone rejoicing on my way
From brightening year to year.

V.

Just now and then some steeper slope
Would seem so hard to climb,
That I *must* cast my load on Thee;
And I left it for a time,
And wondered at the joy at heart,
Like sweetest Christmas chime.

VI.

A step or two on wingèd feet,
And then I turned to share
The burden Thou hadst taken up
Of ever-pressing care;
So what I would not leave with Thee
Of course I had to bear.

VII.

At last Thy precious precepts fell
On opened heart and ear,
A varied and repeated strain
I could not choose but hear,
Enlinking promise and command,
Like harp and clarion clear:

VIII.

"No anxious thought upon thy brow
The watching world should see;
No carefulness! O child of God,
For *nothing* careful be!
But cast thou *all* thy care on Him
Who always cares for thee."

IX.

Did not Thy loving Spirit come
In gentle, gracious shower,
To work Thy pleasure in my soul
In that bright, blessèd hour,
And to the word of strong command
Add faith and will and power?

X.

It was Thy word, it was Thy will—
That was enough for me!
Henceforth no care shall dim my trust,
For all is cast on Thee;
Henceforth my inmost heart shall praise
The grace that set me free.

XI.

And now I find Thy promise true,
Of perfect peace and rest;
I cannot sigh—I can but sing
While leaning on Thy breast,
And leaving everything to Thee,
Whose ways are always best.

XII.

I never thought it could be thus,—
Month after month to know
The river of Thy peace without
One ripple in its flow;
Without one quiver in the trust,
One flicker in its glow.

XIII.

Oh, Thou hast done far more for me
Than I had asked or thought!
I stand and marvel to behold
What Thou, my Lord, hast wrought,
And wonder what glad lessons yet
I shall be daily taught.

XIV.

How shall I praise Thee, Saviour dear,
For this new life so sweet,
For taking all the care I laid
At Thy beloved feet,
Keeping Thy hand upon my heart
To still each anxious beat!

XV.

I want to praise, with life renewed,
As I never praised before;
With voice and pen, with song and speech,
To praise Thee more and more,
And the gladness and the gratitude
Rejoicingly outpour.

XVI.

I long to praise Thee more, and yet
This is no care to me:
If Thou shalt fill my mouth with songs,
Then I will sing to Thee;
And if my silence praise Thee best,
Then silent I will be.

XVII.

Yet if it be Thy will, dear Lord,
Oh, send me forth, to be
Thy messenger to careful hearts,
To bid them taste and see
How good Thou art to those who cast
All, all their care on Thee!

Thy Reign.

"Righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."—Rom. xiv 17.

I.

THY reign is righteousness;
Not mine, but Thine!—
A covering no less
Than the broad, bright waves of Thy great sea,
That roll triumphantly
From line to pole, and pole to line;
A reign where every rebel thought
In sweet captivity
To Thine obedience is brought.

II.

Thy reign is perfect peace;
Not mine, but Thine!—
A stream that cannot cease,
For its fountain is Thy heart. O depth unknown!
Thou givest of Thine own,
Pouring from Thine and filling mine.
The "noise of war" hath passed away;
God's peace is on the throne,
Ruling with undisputed sway.

III.

Thy reign is joy divine;
Not mine, but Thine,
Or else not any joy to me!
For a joy that flowed not from Thine own,
Since Thou hast reigned alone,
Were vacancy or misery.
O sunshine of Thy realm, how bright
This radiance from Thy throne,
Unspeakable in calmest light!

IV.

Thy reign shall still increase!
I claim Thy word,—
Let righteousness and peace
And joy in the Holy Ghost be found,
And more and more abound
In me, through Thee, O Christ my Lord;
Take unto Thee Thy power, who art
My Sovereign, many-crowned!
Stablish Thy kingdom in my heart.

Tried, Precious, Sure.

JESUS CHRIST { "The Same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."—HEB. xiii. 8.
"A stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation."—ISA. xxviii. 16.

I.

THROUGH the yesterday of ages,
Jesus, Thou hast been The Same;
Through our own life's chequered pages,
Still the one dear changeless Name.
Well may we in Thee confide,
Faithful Saviour, proved and "TRIED!"

II.

Joyfully we stand and witness
Thou art still to-day The Same;
In Thy perfect, glorious fitness,
Meeting every need and claim.
Chiefest of ten thousand Thou!
Saviour, O most "PRECIOUS," now!

III.

Gazing down the far for ever,
Brighter glows the one sweet Name,
Stedfast radiance, paling never,
Jesus, Jesus! still The Same.
Evermore "Thou shalt endure,"
Our own Saviour, strong and "SURE!"

CLOSING CHORDS

VINCENT BROOKS, DAY & SON, LITH.

TWILIGHT AT VARESE.

Twilight Voices.

WHAT are the whispering voices
That awake at twilight fall?
Do they come from the golden sunset
With their haunting, haunting call?
They tell me of breezy springtimes,
And the Lakes' sweet summer eves,
And of snow-wreaths merrily shaken
From the shining ivy leaves.
But the far-off treble changeth
To a tenor tone, and so
I know that the voices tell me
Only of long ago.
I hear you, I hear you,
In the gentle twilight fall
Come to me, come!
With your haunting, haunting call.

What are the tuneful voices
That awake at early dawn?
Do they come from the orient portals
Of the palace of the morn?
They tell of a Golden City
With pearl and jasper bright,
And of shining forms that beckon
From the pure and dazzling light.

Then a rush of far-off harpings
Blends with the voices clear,
And I know that the night is passing,
And I know that the day is near!
I hear you, I hear you,
Sweet voices of the dawn!
Come to me, come!
In the early, early morn.

The Seed of Song.

THE seed of a song was cast
On the listening hearts around,
And the sweetly winning sound
In a few short minutes passed.
But a song of perfect praise,
And a song of perfect love
Was the harvest after many days,
Beneath the everlasting rays
Of the summer-time above.

The seed of a single word
Fell among the furrows deep,
In their silent, wintry sleep,
And the sower never an echo heard.
But the "Come!" was not in vain,
For that germ of Life and Love,
And the blessèd Spirit's quickening rain,
Made a golden sheaf of precious grain
For the Harvest Home above.

Will you not sow that song?
  Will you not drop that word
  Till the coldest hearts be stirred
From their slumber deep and long?
Then your harvest shall abound
  With rejoicing full and grand,
Where the heavenly summer-songs resound,
And the fruits of faithful work are found,
  In the Glorious Holy Land.

What Thou wilt.

DO what Thou wilt! Yes, only do
  What seemeth good to Thee:
Thou art so loving, wise, and true,
  It must be best for me.

Send what Thou wilt; or beating shower,
  Soft dew, or brilliant sun;
Alike in still or stormy hour,
  My Lord, Thy will be done.

Teach what Thou wilt; and make me learn
  Each lesson full and sweet,
And deeper things of God discern
  While sitting at Thy feet.

Say what Thou wilt; and let each word
  My quick obedience win;
Let loyalty and love be stirred
  To deeper glow within.

Give what Thou wilt; for then I know
I shall be rich indeed;
My King rejoices to bestow
Supply for every need.

Take what Thou wilt, belovèd Lord,
For I have all in Thee!
My own exceeding great reward,
Thou, Thou Thyself shalt be!

Hope.

WHAT though the blossom fall and die?
The flower is not the root;
The sun of love may ripen yet
The Master's pleasant fruit.

What though by many a sinful fall
Thy garments are defiled?
A Saviour's blood can cleanse them all;
Fear not! thou art His child.

Arise! and, leaning on His strength,
Thy weakness shall be strong;

And He will teach thy heart at length
A new perpetual song.

Arise! to follow in His track
Each holy footprint clear,
And on an upward course look back
With every brightening year.

Arise! and on thy future way
His blessing with thee be!
His presence be thy staff and stay,
Till thou His glory see.

He hath done it!

"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto Me; for I have redeemed thee. Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it."—ISA. xliv. 22, 23.

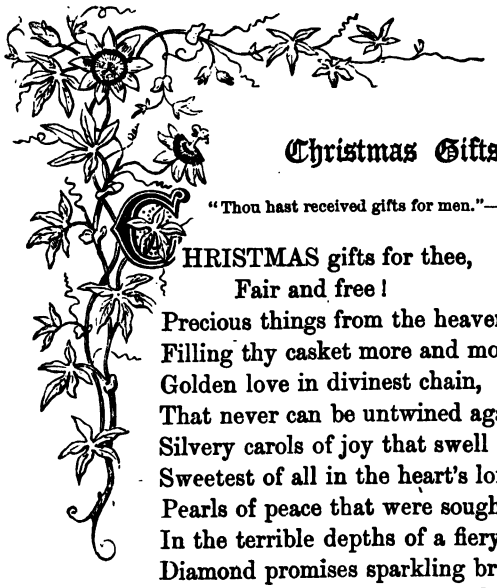
"I know that, whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it."—ECCLES. iii. 14.

SING, O heavens! the Lord hath done it!
Sound it forth o'er land and sea!
Jesus says, "I have redeemed thee,
Now return, return to Me!"
O return, for His own life-blood
Paid the ransom, made us free
Evermore and evermore.

For I know that what He doeth
  Stands for ever, fixed and true;
Nothing can be added to it,
  Nothing left for us to do;
Nothing can be taken from it,
  Done for me and done for you
    Evermore and evermore.

Listen now! the Lord hath done it!
  For He loved us unto death;
It is finished! He has saved us!
  Only trust to what He saith.
He hath done it! Come and bless Him,
  Spend in praise your ransomed breath
    Evermore and evermore.

Oh believe the Lord hath done it!
  Wherefore linger, wherefore doubt?
All the cloud of black transgression
  He Himself hath blotted out.
He hath done it! Come and bless Him,
  Swell the grand thanksgiving shout
    Evermore and evermore.



Christmas Gifts.

"Thou hast received gifts for men."—Ps. lxviii. 18.

CHRISTMAS gifts for thee,
Fair and free!
Precious things from the heavenly store,
Filling thy casket more and more;
Golden love in divinest chain,
That never can be untwined again;
Silvery carols of joy that swell
Sweetest of all in the heart's lone cell;
Pearls of peace that were sought for thee
In the terrible depths of a fiery sea;
Diamond promises sparkling bright,
Flashing in farthest reaching light.

Christmas gifts for thee,
Grand and free!
Christmas gifts from the King of love,
Brought from His royal home above;
Brought to thee in the far-off land,
Brought to thee by His own dear hand.
Promises held by Christ for thee,
Peace as a river flowing free,
Joy that in His own joy must live,
And love that Infinite Love can give.
Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts
Carols of praise for such Christmas gifts!

Christmas Sunshine.[1]

DO the angels know the blessed day,
And strike their harps anew?
Then may the echo of their lay
Float sweetly down to you,
And fill your soul with Christmas song
That your heart shall echo your whole life long.

JESUS came!—and came for me.
Simple words! and yet expressing
Depths of holy mystery,
Depths of wondrous love and blessing.
Holy Spirit, make me see
All His coming means for me;
Take the things of Christ, I pray,
Show them to my heart to-day.

[1] Illustrated cards by Baroness Helga von Cramm. Caswell & Co.

THERE is silence high in the midnight sky,
And only the sufferers watch the night,
But long ago there was song and glow,
And a message of joy from the Prince of Light,
And the Christmas song of the messenger-throng
The echoes of life shall for ever prolong.

CHRIST is come to be my Friend,
Leading, loving to the end;
Christ is come to be my King,
Ordering, ruling everything.
Christ is come! enough for me,
Lonely though the pathway be.

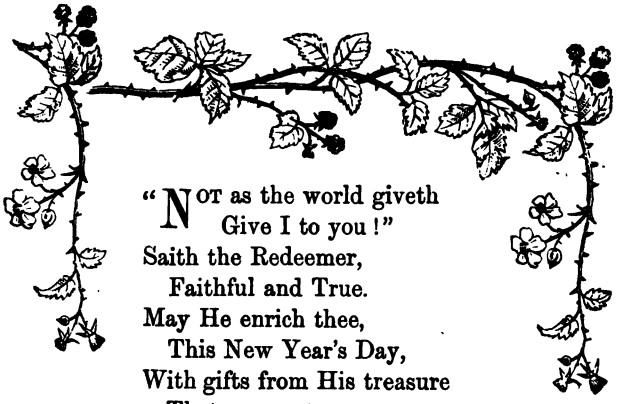
GIVE me a song, O Lord,
That I may sing to Thee,
In true and sweet accord,
With angel minstrelsy.
Oh tune my heart that it may bring
A Christmas anthem to my King!

WHAT was the first angelic word
That the startled shepherds heard?
"Fear not!" Beloved, it comes to you
As a Christmas message most sweet and true;
As true for you as it was for them
In the lonely fields of Bethlehem;
And as sweet to-day as it was that night,
When the glory dazzled their mortal sight.

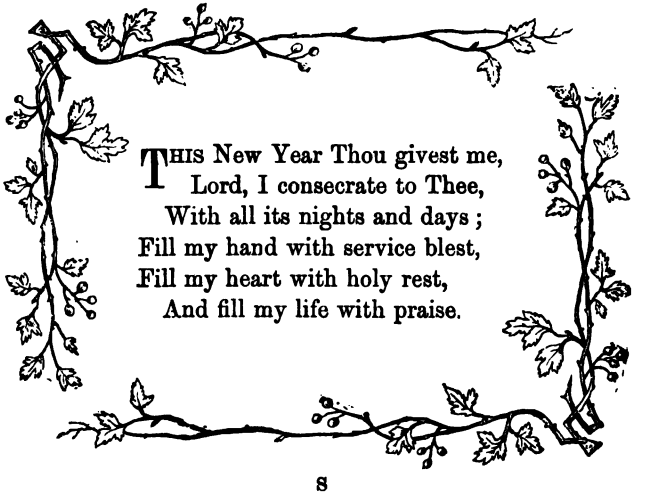
SWELL the notes of the Christmas Song!
Sound it forth through the earth abroad!
Glory to God!
Blessing and honour, thanks and laud!
Take the joy of the Christmas Song!
Are not the tidings good and true?
Peace to you,
And God's goodwill that is ever new!

CHRIST is come to be thy Light
Shining through the darkest night;
He will make thy pilgrim way
Shine unto the perfect day.
Take the message! let it be
Full of Christmas joy to thee!

Love and Light for the New Year.



"NOT as the world giveth
Give I to you!"
Saith the Redeemer,
Faithful and True.
May He enrich thee,
This New Year's Day,
With gifts from His treasure
That pass not away.



THIS New Year Thou givest me,
Lord, I consecrate to Thee,
With all its nights and days;
Fill my hand with service blest,
Fill my heart with holy rest,
And fill my life with praise.

A BRIGHT New Year, and a sunny track
Along an upward way,
And a song of praise on looking back,
When the year has passed away,
And golden sheaves nor small nor few!
This is my New Year's wish for you!

ANOTHER year for Jesus!
How can I wish for you
A greater joy or blessing,
O fellow-worker true?
Eternity with Jesus
Is long enough for rest;
Thank God that we are spared to work
For Him whom we love best!

Is the work difficult?
Jesus directs thee.
Is the path dangerous?
Jesus protects thee.
Fear not, and falter not;
Let the word cheer thee!
All through the coming year
He will be with thee!

ANOTHER year of patient toil,
A few sheaves won from rocky soil,
May seem not much to thee;
But all thy work is with the Lord,
And thine exceeding great reward
Thy God Himself shall be.

TOWARD the rising of the Sun
Now thy standard raise!
Let thy New Year's halt be one
In the camp of Praise.
Then the wilderness shall be
Fruitful, fair, and glad for thee,
Echoing songs of victory.

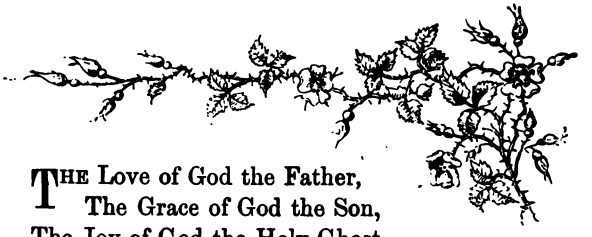
FOR the weariest day
May Christ be thy stay!
For the darkest night
May Christ be thy light!
For the weakest hour
May Christ be thy power!
For each moment's fall
May Christ be thy All!

Birthday Mottoes.

MAY the tale the years are telling
Always be
Like an angel-anthem swelling,
Through thy spirit's quiet dwelling,
Till the glory all-excelling
Dawn for thee.

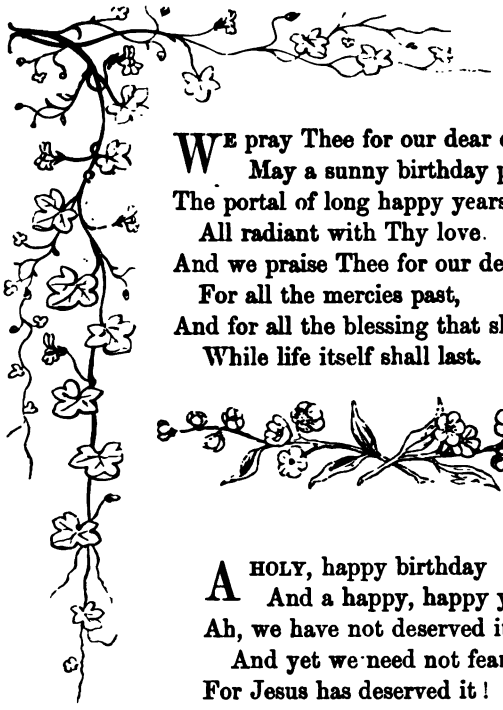
MANY a happy year be thine,
If our Father will!
He has traced the fair design,
He will fill it, line by line,
Working patiently until
Thy completed life shall shine
Glorious in the life divine.

MANY and happy thy birthdays be!
In the light of heaven arrayed;
With the rainbow arching every cloud
When the pathway lies in the shade;
And full and far may the blessing flow
That thy future life is made.



THE Love of God the Father,
The Grace of God the Son,
The Joy of God the Holy Ghost,—
A blessing three in one,
Be yours aboundingly, I pray,
For this and every coming day.

LEANING, resting, trusting, loving,
Enter thy new year!
For the Lord who lives to love thee
Will be always near,
Shielding, guiding, caring, blessing!—
What hast thou to fear?



WE pray Thee for our dear one!
May a sunny birthday prove
The portal of long happy years,
All radiant with Thy love.
And we praise Thee for our dear one!
For all the mercies past,
And for all the blessing that shall flow
While life itself shall last.

A HOLY, happy birthday
And a happy, happy year!
Ah, we have not deserved it,
And yet we need not fear.
For Jesus has deserved it!
And so, for Jesus' sake,
This cup of joy and blessing
With grateful heart we take.

"Motto Cards." Caswell & Co.

"Forgiven—even until Now."

(Num. xiv. 19.)

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY 1879.

"Thou hast forgiven—even until now!"
We bless Thee, Lord, for this,
And take Thy great forgiveness as we bow
In depth of sorrowing bliss;
While over all the long, regretful past
This veil of wondrous grace Thy sovereign hand doth cast.

"Forgiven until now!" For Jesus died
To take our sins away;
His blood was shed, and still the infinite tide
Flows full and deep to-day.
He paid the debt; we own it, and go free!
The cancelled bond is cast in Love's unfathomed sea.

"Forgiven until now!" For God is true,
Faithful and just is He!
Forgiving, cleansing, making all things new!
"Who is a God like Thee?"
O precious blood of Christ, that saves and heals,
While all its cleansing might the Holy Ghost reveals.

Yes, "even until now!" And so we stand,
Forgiven, loved, and blessed;

And, covered in the shadow of God's hand,
Believing, are at rest.
The one great load is lifted from the soul,
That henceforth on the Lord all burdens we may roll.

Yes, "even until now!" Then let us press
With free and willing feet
Along the King's highway of holiness,
Until we gain the street
Of golden crystal, praising purely when
We see our pardoning Lord; forgiven until then!

Nothing to Pay!

NOTHING to pay! Ah, nothing to pay!
Never a word of excuse to say!
Year after year thou hast filled the score,
Owing thy Lord still more and more.
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
Ruined, lost art thou, and yet
I forgave thee all that debt."

Nothing to pay! the debt is so great;
What will you do with the awful weight?
How shall the way of escape be made?
Nothing to pay! yet it must be paid!
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
All has been put to My account,
I have paid the full amount."

Nothing to pay; yes, nothing to pay!
Jesus has cleared all the debt away;
Blotted it out with His bleeding hand!
Free and forgiven and loved you stand.
Hear the voice of Jesus say,
"Verily thou hast nothing to pay!
Paid is the debt, and the debtor free!
Now I ask *thee*, lovest thou ME?"

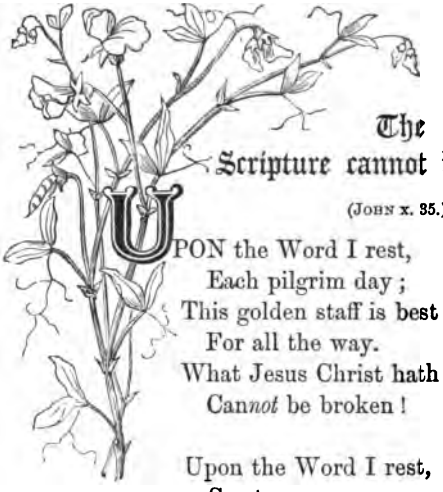
April 1879.

An Easter Prayer.

Oh let me know
The power of Thy resurrection;
Oh let me show
Thy risen life in calm and clear reflection;
Oh let me soar
Where Thou, my Saviour Christ, art gone before;
In mind and heart
Let me dwell always, only, where Thou art.

Oh let me give
Out of the gifts Thou freely givest;
Oh let me live
With life abundantly because Thou livest;
Oh make me shine
In darkest places, for Thy light is mine;
Oh let me be
A faithful witness for Thy truth and Thee.

Oh let me show
The strong reality of gospel story;
Oh let me go
From strength to strength, from glory unto glory;
Oh let me sing
For very joy, because Thou art my King;
Oh let me praise
Thy love and faithfulness through all my days.



The Scripture cannot be broken

(John x. 35.)

UPON the Word I rest,
Each pilgrim day;
This golden staff is best
For all the way.
What Jesus Christ hath spoken,
Can*not* be broken!

Upon the Word I rest,
So strong, so sure,
So full of comfort blest,
So sweet, so pure!
The charter of salvation,
Faith's broad foundation.

Upon the Word I stand!
That cannot die!
Christ seals it in my hand,
He cannot lie!
The word that faileth never!
Abiding ever!

Chorus.—The Master hath said it! Rejoicing in this,
We ask not for sign or for token;
His word is enough for our confident bliss,—
"The Scripture *cannot* be broken!"

April 1879.

Easter Dawn.

It is too calm to be a dream,
Too gravely sweet, too full of power,
Prayer changed to praise this very hour!
  Yes, heard and answered! though it seem
Beyond the hope of yesterday,
Beyond the faith that dared to pray,
Yet not beyond the love that heard,
And not beyond the faithful word
On which each trembling prayer may rest,
And win the answer truly best.

  Yes, heard and answered! sought and found!
I breathe a golden atmosphere
Of solemn joy, and seem to hear
  Within, above, and all around,
The chime of deep cathedral bells,
An early herald peal that tells
A glorious Easter tide begun;
While yet are sparkling in the sun
Large raindrops of the night storm passed,
And days of Lent are gone at last.

Written in pencil the early dawn of her last Easter Day, April 1879.

Unfinished Fragments.

THE Master will guide the weary feet,
  Choosing for each, and choosing aright
The noontide rest in the summer heat;
  For some the glory of Alpine height,
For some the breezes fresh and free
And the changeful charm of wave and sea;
For some the hush and the soothing spells
Of harvest fields and woodland dells;
For some it may be the quiet gloom
Of the suffering couch and shaded room.
Master, *our* Master, oh let it be
That our leisure and rest be still with thee,
With Thee and *for* Thee each sunny hour

. . . . . .

In pencil, May 1879.

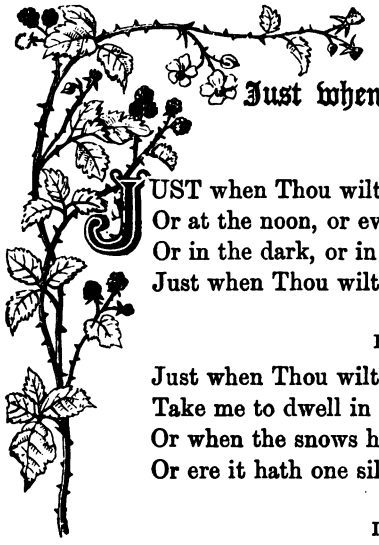
"ARISE, depart! for this is not your rest!"
  The Voice fell strangely on the sleeping fold,
  As fell the starlight's quivering gold
Upon the dusky lake's untroubled breast,
And yet the Shepherd's hand had led them there,
And made them to lie down amid the pastures fair.

"Arise ye, and depart!" The morning rays
Lit up the emerald slope and crystal pool,
Sweet sustenance for many days,
And quiet resting places, calm and cool.
They knew not why, nor whither, yet they went!
His own hand put them forth, and so they were content.

And so they followed Him, they could not stay
When He had risen, the Shepherd good and fair

. . . . . .

In pencil, May 1879.



Just when Thou wilt.

I.

JUST when Thou wilt, O Master, call!
Or at the noon, or evening fall,
Or in the dark, or in the light,—
Just when Thou wilt, it must be right.

II.

Just when Thou wilt, O Saviour, come,
Take me to dwell in Thy bright home!
Or when the snows have crowned my head,
Or ere it hath one silver thread.

III.

Just when Thou wilt, O Bridegroom, say,
"Rise up, my love, and come away!"
Open to me Thy golden gate
Just when Thou wilt, or soon, or late.

IV.

Just when Thou wilt—Thy time is best—
Thou shalt appoint my hour of rest,
Marked by the Sun of perfect love,
Shining unchangeably above.

V.

Just when Thou wilt!—no choice for me!
Life is a gift to use for Thee;
Death is a hushed and glorious tryst,
With Thee, my King, my Saviour, Christ!

[1] Dictated in illness.

Far more Exceeding.

καθ' ὑπερβολὴν εἰς ὑπερβολήν.—2 Cor. iv. 17.

"From glory unto glory!" Thank God that even here
The starry words are shining out, our heavenward way to cheer!
That e'en among the shadows the conquering brightness glows,
As ever from the nearing Light intenser radiance flows.

"From glory unto glory!" Shall the grand progression fail
When the darkling glass is shattered, as we pass within the veil?
Shall the joyous song of "Onward!" at once for ever cease,
And the swelling music culminate in monotone of peace?

Shall the fuller life be sundered at the portal of its bliss,
From the principle of growth entwined with every nerve of this?
Shall the holy law of progress be hopelessly repealed,
And the moment of releasing see our sum of glory sealed?

The tender touch of moonlight, with an orbit quickly run,
The lustre of the planet, circling slowly round the sun,
The mighty revolutions of its million-heated blaze,
"From glory unto glory" lead our far-expanding gaze.

Then onward, ever onward—through the unexplored abyss,
Dark barrier between the suns of other worlds and this,
Until the measure-unit mocks the grasp of human thought,
And space and time commingle while the clue is feebly sought.

Till, in that wider ocean, deep calleth unto deep,
Star-glories with attendant worlds, forth-flashing as they sweep
Around their unseen centre, that point of mystic power,
In unimagined cycles, where an age is but an hour.

Then—onward and yet onward! for the dim revealings show
That systems unto systems in grand succession grow,
That what we deemed a volume but one golden verse may be,
One rhythmic cadence in the flow of God's great poetry.

That what we deemed a symphony was one all-thrilling bar
Through aisles of His great temple resounding full and far;
That what we deemed an ocean was a shallow by the shore!—
Then onward yet, in eagle flight, through the Infinite we soar—

"From glory unto glory!"—till the spirit fails; and then
Illimitable vistas still opening to our ken,
Mysterious immensities of order and of light
Stretch far beyond our farthest thought, as thought beyond our sight.

But the starting-point in heaven shall be no "glory of the moon,"
No planet-gleam, no stellar fire, no blaze of tropic noon;
From "glory that excelleth" all that human heart hath known,
Our "Onward, upward!" shall begin, in the presence of the Throne.

"From glory unto glory" of loveliness and light,
Of music and of rapture, of power and of sight,
"From glory unto glory" of knowledge and of love,
Shall be the joy of progress awaiting us above.

"From glory unto glory" that ever lies before,
Still wondering, adoring, rejoicing more and more,
Still following where He leadeth, from shining field to field,
Himself our goal of glory, Revealer and Revealed!

"From glory unto glory" with no limit and no veil!
With wings that cannot weary, and hearts that cannot fail;
Within, without, no hindrance, no barrier as we soar,
And never interruption to the endless "more and more."

For infinite outpourings of Jehovah's love and grace,
And infinite unveilings of the brightness of His face,
And infinite unfoldings of the splendour of His will,
Meet the mightiest expansions of the finite spirit still.

O Saviour, hast Thou ransomed us from death's unknown abyss,
And purchased with Thy precious blood such everlasting bliss?
Art Thou indeed preparing us, with love exceeding great,
And preparing all this glory in such "far exceeding weight?"

Then let our hearts be surely fixed where truest joys are found,
And let our burning, loving praise yet more and more abound,
And, gazing on the "things not seen," eternal in the skies,
"From glory unto glory," O Saviour, let us rise!

Behold your King.

"Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow."—LAM. i. 12.

BEHOLD your King! Though the moonlight steals
Through the silvery sprays of the olive tree,
No star-gemmed sceptre or crown it reveals,
In the solemn shade of Gethsemane.
Only a form of prostrate grief,
Fallen, crushed, like a broken leaf!
Oh, think of His sorrow! that we may know
The depth of love in the depth of woe.

Behold your King! Is it nothing to you,
That the crimson tokens of agony
From the kingly brow must fall like dew,
Through the shuddering shades of Gethsemane?
Jesus Himself, the Prince of Life,
Bows in mysterious mortal strife;
Oh, think of His sorrow! that we may know
The unknown love in the unknown woe.

Behold your King! with His sorrow crowned,
Alone, alone in the valley is He!
The shadows of death are gathering round,
And the Cross must follow Gethsemane.
Darker and darker the gloom must fall,
Filled is the Cup, He must drink it all!
Oh, think of His sorrow! that we may know
His wondrous love in His wondrous woe.

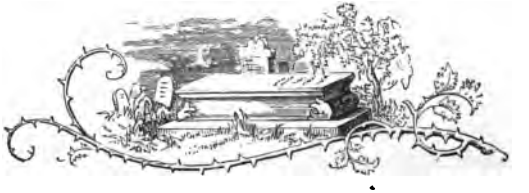
After F. R. H.'s MS. copy of "Adoration," written Dec. 31st, 1866, she adds:—"I find this is exactly my hundredth poem, beginning from my No. 2 MS. book, and not reckoning juvenile pieces before I left school. I am not sorry that 'Adoration' happens to close the round number as well as the year 1866. I should like the same subject, only far better treated, to *close* my verse writing for *life;* one would wish one's last poem to be some expression of praise to the Crucified One."

It is a remarkable coincidence that "Behold your King," and "He Suffered," are the *closing* poems in F. R. H.'s MS. book, written in pencil, 1879.

"He Suffered."

"HE suffered!" Was it, Lord, indeed for me,
The Just One for the unjust, Thou didst bear
The weight of sorrow that I hardly dare
To look upon, in dark Gethsemane?
"He suffered!" Thou, my near and gracious Friend,
And yet my Lord, my God! Thou didst not shrink
For me that full and fearful cup to drink,
Because Thou lovedst even to the end!
"He suffered!" Saviour, was Thy love so vast,
That mysteries of unknown agony,
Even unto death, its only gauge could be,
Unmeasured as the fiery depths it passed?
Lord, by the sorrows of Gethsemane,
Seal Thou my quivering love for ever unto Thee!

1879.



"Most Blessed for Ever." [1]

(Ps. xxi. 6.)

THE prayer of many a day is all fulfilled,
Only by full fruition stayed and stilled;
You asked for blessing as your Father willed,
Now He hath answered: "Most blessed for ever!"

Lost is the daily light of mutual smile,
You therefore sorrow now a little while;
But floating down life's dimmed and lonely aisle
Comes the clear music: "Most blessed for ever!"

From the great anthems of the Crystal Sea,
Through the far vistas of Eternity,
Grand echoes of the word peal on for thee,
Sweetest and fullest: "Most blessed for ever!"

[1] Written on her beloved father's death, but now chosen as the closing chord of F. R. H.'s songs on earth.

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."
—REV. xiv. 3.

HELGA VON CRAMER

VINCENT BROOKS, DAY & SON, LITH.

CASWELL BAY.

FROM CASWELL ROAD.

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